

... Gypsy Boots has certainly sold me on fruits and nuts. I just hope I am as healthy and active at the age of 97, as he is. His book BARE FEET AND GOOD THINGS TO EAT is well worth reading though a little hairy at times

PAT BOONE
Star of Stage, Screen
and Television

... after reading Gypsy Boots' book I'm ready for a comeback.

LOU NOVA
Former Heavyweight
Champion Contender

... interesting, amusing and educational ... health is universal.

MICKEY HARGITAY
Actor, Health Enthusiast
Former Mr. Universe

... humorous, unique and informative ...

GEORGE C. CLEMENTS
Curtis Circulation Company

... secrets and answers for a healthful life.

WARREN WYNCOOP
Sports Editor, TV and
Radio Sports Announcer

... The first time I saw Mr. Boots climb the screen behind home plate at Dodger Stadium I knew that here was a man with a keen sense for sports. Everybody knows the Dodgers have the kind of a team that makes you want to climb the walls.

BUD FURILLO
Sports Editor
Los Angeles Herald Examiner

"BARE FEET AND GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

\$1.00



BY
GYPSY BOOTS



~~Ry~~ ~~Good~~

BARE FEET
AND
GOOD THINGS TO EAT

By
GYPSY BOOTS

(as told to Jerry Hopkins)

DEDICATION

To the youth of the world,
no matter how old you may be.

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Words to "Nature Boy" by Eden Ahbez, © 1948 by Crestview Music Corp., New York.

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INTRODUCTION

By STEVE ALLEN



In the early '50's I did the *Tonight* show for three years. Since during that period it was the custom for daily or nightly television programs to develop "a family" the three members of our old late-night troupe who most notably distinguished themselves were Steve Lawrence, Eydie Gorme and Andy Williams. Although Jonathan Winters, Mort Sahl, Louie Nye, Don Knotts and dozens of other gifted and subsequently successful entertainers paid frequent visits to our program it is nevertheless the regular members of the cast who are today most readily associated with the show.

When, during the early 60's, I again undertook to do a late night comedy program, television had evolved to the point where it was considered wiser to book fresh guests each evening than to feature a regular stock-company of singers and comedians. Once again, during the some two and a half years that the program was broadcast, a great many talented people were presented. But if there is any one guest that to this day stands out as associated with the production it is, I believe, Gypsy Boots.

The different methods of approach to the presentation of a program of this type are interesting. Jack Parr preferred to book talkative guests of the Alexander King-Elsa Lanchester-Zsa-Zsa Gabor type. Johnny Carson tends to feature show-business names and to steer clear of eccentrics and controversy. Merv Griffin courts controversy and interviews a somewhat higher percentage of

intellectuals. My own approach incorporated all of these separate philosophies although, since I always viewed our program as primarily a comedy show, I would — if a choice presented itself — prefer to interview an eccentric rather than an actor.

It was no surprise, therefore, that Gypsy Boots was caught in the large net with which our "kook-booker", a gentleman named Jerry Hopkins, would regularly skim the Hollywood waters. Although it was Hopkins' job to find unusual specimens and entice them to our theatre, (the finding was difficult, the enticing easy) I should not want to suggest that Gypsy Boots falls properly under the heading of *kook*. Such terms, after all, are not scientific but involve personal opinion. I prefer to think of Gypsy as an enthusiast. And I think this tired world needs more enthusiasts than it has.

Because I discovered years ago that my first reactions to unusual people were of peculiar value, I usually refused to meet our guests until we were on the air. Since only our comedy sketches and musical numbers were rehearsed — however haphazardly — and the rest of the program was completely extemporaneous, my own astonishment at the way some of our guests comported themselves was not only genuine but shared by the audience, which was ordinarily amused.

Astonishment is certainly the proper word in the case of Gypsy. I shall never forget how on each of his many appearances he came bounding out on the stage with the energy of a dozen men, carrying loads of organic fruits and vegetables or what-have-you, spouting poems with random rhymes and evanescent metre, dancing like Jose Greco on a hot griddle, flying about the stage with carefree disregard of the ability of cameras and microphones to report his activities, and all in all throwing our theatre into immediate uproar.

Whether his effect upon our ratings or my digestive tract was the more pronounced it would be difficult to say. My God, the things he used to make me eat! Well, make, schmake. I didn't *have* to swallow all that stuff, I suppose, but since Gypsy had usually worked his not-always-immaculately-clean fingers to the bone to prepare various remarkable viands it seemed only sporting to go along with the gag. And gag I sometimes did, but since I share with Gypsy an appreciation of the importance of fresh fruits and vegetables in the diet I was generally sympathetically inclined toward his culinary experiments.

In all seriousness, Gypsy — to those who watch him on TV — may seem to be no more than "another one of those health food nuts from Hollywood." To those who get to know him, there is more in Gypsy than this. He may be a character, but he certainly has something worthwhile to say; this year he celebrated his 54th birthday, yet he has the physique, health and stamina of a college athlete. And unlike many vegetarians and health faddists, Gypsy is neither dull nor fanatical. He believes as he says in this book, "a good laugh feeds the soul." He believes dieting and body-toning can, and should, be fun. What Gypsy is doing, I suppose, is sugar-coating his philosophy with enthusiasm and laughter; his "message" is not just a lecture, it is more and entertaining suggestion.

In what is at least advertised as an age of conformity Gypsy is healthily out of step. Our society claims to revere the concept of the True Individualist, although in reality it often treats individualists poorly.

If we put our money where our mouth is we'll run right down to Gypsy's place, get a belt of raw carrot juice, and shake the hand of a man with the kind of pep and good cheer that most of us wish we had.

—ENCINO, CALIF., 1965

CHAPTER 1

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

One day I was walking along Market Street in San Francisco in my shorts and sandals, a sack of fruit and nuts cradled in my arms. I was giving the food to passers-by and the wind was blowing my untrimmed hair and beard. My lovely wife Lois was following about 20 feet behind me, taking down with a pencil and paper what the people who had passed were saying about me.

"He looks like John the Baptist," said one.

"Beatnik," said another.

"Who does he think he is? Tarzan of the Apes?"

"Abraham Lincoln in Bermuda shorts."

"A Hemingway who needs a haircut."

"Some kind of religious nut, I'll bet."

"Moses."

"Buffalo Bill."

My wife said afterward she hadn't known she'd married such a famous person.

Of course I am not a famous person and I never will be. I don't want to be a famous person. All I want in life is to be healthy and happy, and, if I am able, to bring health and happiness to others. People laugh at me, but I don't care. So long as they are laughing. Laughter is the healthiest thing in life.

How did I become what I am today— a beatnik or a man who looks like Tarzan of the Apes? The answer lies in what my parents taught me. My father, Max, came from Europe without a penny and he worked for 14 hours a day peddling brooms and brushes in San Francisco. He gave me and my sister and two brothers a wonderful life. We had very little money, but he gave us

a sense of humor. We had very few of the luxuries of life, but always our house had laughter.

My father also gave me some good advise. "Robert (my real name is Robert Bootzin), save your money and get ahead if you can. But whatever you do, I will love you just the same. Choose your own task. What makes you happy makes me happy."

At the same time, my mother, whose name was Minnie, brought me up to be like an uninhibited creature of the woods. We were vegetarians and she fed us natural foods. I remember how we all used to walk along the railroad tracks, picking wild berries and nuts. We ate only organic foods — untouched by chemical sprays and fertilizers, foods unaffected by civilization. We learned early in life that nature had much to offer.

I was the second oldest child. John, my older brother, was a barber and he used to cut my hair and keep me looking neat. He was only 22 when he died and after that I somehow got out of the habit of getting haircuts.

Morris, my younger brother, is a longshoreman and a husky, free-living man. My sister Adeline, is a rugged, down-to-earth woman, the mother of three children and, like me, something of a character.

We learned many things from our wonderful parents. Some of these things were lessons I did not recognize until much later in life. Once, not too many years ago, for instance, I delivered some fruit to the home of a famous movie star. I was greeted at the front door by the maid.

"Who are you?" she asked.

I had been taught only love, love for every person on earth, and I answered, "I am your brother."

She seemed a little shocked. Here she was in a neat uniform, and I was wearing shorts and sandals. Brother? I was her brother? She didn't seem to understand. Finally I explained I had brought some fruit, and she told me to go around to the back door. I did as she asked, but when my body went in the back, my heart went in the front.

So many times I have been labeled a fanatic, an eccentric "health food nut." It was my parents who taught me that I wasn't. Many people deliberately try to be different, they said. They buy bigger cars and larger houses and this makes them feel different because it makes them better. At least, to hear them tell it, it does. I disagree and so did my parents. I was taught to be myself and if I turned out "different," it wasn't because I was trying to.

We also learned to live very simply. Often we had little money and we had to eat what we could, when we could. As a result, I learned to eat almost anything so long as it was grown naturally. I acquired a reputation for having a stomach able to digest even the toughest of edibles.

In part, this came about because during my boyhood days I was fond of spinach—raw or cooked. I thought it would save vitamins not to wash the spinach, so I ate it fresh from the ground. Later I found out spinach contains more sand per pound of leaves than any other vegetable. I got all the roughage I needed, but I also collected a portable beach. At that time, I hadn't learned quite all there was to know about food.

In school I took my own rugged lunches—homemade black bread, large sacks of apples, and lots of lettuce

and garlic. It would really smell up the school with the garlic, so the teachers didn't mind so much when I played hookey.

I do not suggest you do the same, but I quit school when I was very young and went out to the school of life experience, guided by Mother Nature. At night I slept in California's Sonoma Valley haystacks, or under the fig trees in Vacaville. I slept near the grape vines at Lodi, in the orange groves of Orange County, and under the date palms near Indio. It was all a wonderful romance with nature.

To earn money I took odd jobs whenever I could find them. I sold newspapers on the streets of San Francisco at 4:30 in the morning, baled hay on ranches, cleaned chicken houses in Petaloma, washed dishes at the Sonoma Mission Inn, sold fruit and vegetables from door to door in Hollywood, entertained children at private parties, sold peanuts on beaches, performed in a San Francisco night club, worked as a life guard, caddied at a golf course, and once was a chauffeur at a fancy Beverly Hills Hotel. And that is only a partial list.

The job that lasted longest was the one selling newspapers, and that was because I was quite young and hadn't started roaming around. In those days I was peddling the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner*, shouting at the top of my lungs: "Get your morning paper! Get your paper here!"

I didn't realize I was shouting, though, until a man came up to me one morning and gave me \$5.00. He said with my voice he didn't need an alarm clock. I woke him up at 5:30 regularly, when I approached the house where he lived.

Another job I had in those early days was operating a highway fruit stand. On the highway I erected some signs: "Free Mountain Water," "Free Advice," and "How to Live for at Least Forever, Probably Longer." Business was good. Many motorists stopped just to talk, but even many of those bought food. Then I grew tired of standing by the dusty road. I hired a girl to run the stand for me and I went off to pick fruit.

The trouble was, I forgot to mention the signs, and she was mystified when the first motorist who arrived insisted upon getting some free advice with his figs and apricots.

I mention these two jobs now— and I will talk about others later—because I think they illustrate the way I go into something, no matter how simple it may be. Selling newspapers on a street corner and marketing fruit on a highway won't impress most people if they see it included in a formal job resume. But the important thing is not in what you do in life, it is in how you go about doing it.

I've always tried to throw myself into something with everything I had. I can't say I've made much money, but I haven't had an unhappy day. That is more valuable than all the money in the world to me.

I hitch-hiked and walked everywhere in those days—from Los Angeles to Seattle, from San Francisco to Miami Beach, seldom with any money in my pockets. I walked until my feet were worn out, but I slept each night better than a king. Never have I taken a sleeping pill, like many of the "successful" and "happy" people I know. Indeed, the successful and happy people come to me for help.

Everywhere I have tried to see how much I could get out of life. My food was fruit I picked from a tree, berries picked from a field, and milk direct from a cow. Leaves from the trees were my pillow, hay my blanket, the heavens my book of knowledge.

No money could buy the experiences I've had, the philosophy I've absorbed, the health I've developed.

Today, of course, my life is different. I am married and the father of three sons. I live in a small cottage (and not in the trees) in Los Angeles and some of the money I make comes from appearances on television. But most of my ways have not changed.

In this book I will tell some of the best experiences of my life and try to pass along to you some of my secrets of health and happiness. It used to be that whenever anyone asked me how old I was, always I said I had no age. I tell you now that I was born in 1911, and I feel like a boy of 18.

I am not saying you have to do all the things I did. A meal of spinach and sand and sleeping in haystacks won't guarantee anyone good health and happiness. But there are many things I learned in life I am sure you can adapt to your life. I am not saying you have to give up meat, but the vegetarian recipes you will find here are among the healthiest and tastiest created. (And they aren't fattening either!) Many of these recipes were created by my wife, and both Lois and I are quite healthy, as are our three young sons and friends who stop by to eat with us.

My motto is this: Have a good time in life and take care of the body God gave you. Eat properly and laugh. Laugh your way to health.

CHAPTER 2

CALIFORNIA'S NATURE BOYS

Some people when they think of southern California, think of nuts. Not the kind that grow in trees, but the kind that *swing* in trees—the bearded, mop-haired, half-naked vegetarians who wander around in the hills and occasionally roll into town like a pack of wild men. It was quite a few years ago when I lived like this.

We attracted quite a bit of attention in those days, largely because there were so many of us, and often we travelled together. There was Emile Zimmerman, a giant of a Canadian with long yellow hair. There was Gypsy Jean and Fred Bushnoff, who was known as the "Mayor of Russian Hill" in San Francisco. And when Gypsy Jean and Fred and I appeared together in civilization we were called the "Three Smith Brothers." And of course there was Eden Ahbez, who later wrote the song "Nature Boy." The list goes on and on. At times there were as many as 15 of us living together in the hills, sleeping in caves and trees.

I was known as Figaro Boots then. I had been called Boots from childhood because I often wore high-top boots to school. "Boots" also was one way of abbreviating my real name, Bootzin. "Figaro" came because occasionally to earn a few dollars I picked figs, and sang my own version of "Figaro."

It was in the early 1940s that we formed our merry band, and it happened quite accidentally. We came from different cities, even from different countries. But we had a common desire to abandon civilization and to live a natural, healthy life.

In a sense, I was the leader of the group. Not because we needed, or wanted, a leader. It's just that I was the only one who had any form of transportation. Normally we'd walk everywhere, but on some of the long trips we'd all pile into my Jungle Jeep.

This was a grand machine. We tore the canvas top away, leaving the hoop-like metal bars. From these bars we hung bunches of bananas and other fruit, and around our feet we'd pack in crates and bags of figs, dates and vegetables. One time we even had a tree in the back. And always it was decorated with signs saying "Back to Nature!"

I remember once when we were driving toward San Francisco and the radiator began to boil over. There was no water nearby, so we improvised. We had quite a few boxes of grapes with us, which we squeezed, pouring the juice into the radiator. What we learned was that grape juice may be great for the body, but not for the radiator of a jeep.

Gypsy Jean was one of my closest friends in those days. I met him when I was hiking in the mountains near Palm Springs. He was sleeping in a cave. I was singing as I walked and maybe because my voice isn't so good, or maybe because it is loud, he woke up. We looked at each other and laughed.

"Brother!" I said.

"Brother!" he shouted back.

Until that moment we hadn't any idea anyone else looked like we did, both of us bearded and barefoot, our hair worn down to our shoulders. In a few months time we had several "brothers," all of us looking and thinking alike.

Sometimes we all traveled together, sometimes alone or with one or two others. I remember one time Fred Bushnoff and I were driving north of Los Angeles in the Jungle Jeep. We were tired of eating nuts for our protein and we were heading for the chicken ranches of Petaloma. There we could switch from nuts to egg yolks, for both are rich in energy.

Along the way we spotted a deserted wooden shack standing lopsided in the middle of a field. It was raining so we stopped for the night. To our pleasure and surprise we found inside that shack an ancient piano. It was covered with dust and warped, but it worked and since we both loved music we started singing and playing. I play the piano about as well as I sing. But it didn't matter. Fred had his harmonica and that helped considerably. Besides, we wanted no more than to enjoy ourselves.

Fred started in and so did I, hitting those dusty piano keys with everything I had. Little animals scampered out of the back of it and dashed away. Fred and I laughed and continued our singing and playing.

About a mile away lived an Italian farmer, who woke up when he heard our "symphony." He came rushing over and looked at us, not believing what he saw. Soon he was singing with us, though. Then he said, "You don't look like angels, but you are to me. I've been in this gosh-forsaken place for a long time and you two have given it the first life it's seen in ten years."

I think that was what I wanted to do in those days. I suppose it was what we all had in mind. We wanted to live as we wanted, but at the same time we thought we could give others something to enjoy. If we had any talent at all, it was in knowing how to enjoy life and,

hopefully, spreading that joy a little bit.

Eden Ahbez and I lived together for over two years—in Venice, on the Santa Monica beach, in Echo Park in Los Angeles, in the date orchards of Indio, in Tacquitz Canyon near Palm Springs. We met at a little health food restaurant in downtown Los Angeles and after that we were together almost all the time.

Eden was one of the original nature boys and I was with him when his song of the same name was born. We were living in Tacquitz Canyon then, living a good, rich life—a life not rich in worldly goods but rich in the good of the world.

Eden played his drums and his recorder and together we sang his new song, "Nature Boy."

There was a boy,
A very strange, enchanted boy;
They say he wandered very far,
Very far over land and sea.
A little shy and sad of eye,
But very wise was he.
And then one day,
A magic day, he passed my way
And while we spoke of many things,
Fools and kings,
This he said to me:
The greatest thing you'll ever learn—
Is just to love and be loved in return.
There just to love and be loved in return.

That song has meant a lot to me. What it says is important and true. "The greatest thing you'll ever learn is just to love and be loved in return." Good advice, whether or not you are a nature boy.

Two or three years later Nat "King" Cole recorded that song of Eden's and shortly after that Eden Ahbez was a

celebrity. Eden's picture was in LIFE magazine and the song he had written in the mountains was at the top of the national Hit Parade. The record was a million-seller.

Another of my best friends was Maximilian Slinger. He lived in the mountains above Malibu. It was with Max that I first experimented with fasting and special diets, and also learned much about yoga.

Max was a world traveler, adventurer, and philosopher who lived on a tiny ranch high in the Calabasas Mountains. Hiking near his ranch one day we captured a rattlesnake and carried it home in a potato sack.

"What are we going to do with it?" Max asked.

"I don't know," I said. "Why don't we take it to the Board of Health?"

Max couldn't think of a reason why not. So we started off for City Hall. Once there, we dropped the sack on the receptionist's desk and said there was a rattler inside it.

I've never seen any one person turn so white before, or move so fast.

You might have guessed we didn't find any takers at City Hall, so our next step was a Chinese herb store. For some reason we thought the owner of the store would "milk" the snake, using the venom for anti-snake bite serum. He was very nice to us, but said he didn't milk snakes.

"I would like the snake for rattlesnake steak, though," the owner said.

We didn't like that idea, so we took the snake to the zoo.

"You have wild animals here," we said, "how about taking this rattlesnake?"

The keeper looked at the two of us and said, "I'd rather have you two fellows."

Finally he agreed to take the rattler, promising to send it to a zoo in Chicago. And Max and I went back to Calabasas, where we continued our hiking.

I guess we were a wild-looking bunch. Doing deep breathing on the mountaintops, swimming in ice-cold streams, then in a pack entering Palm Springs with baskets of dates and nuts to sell to the vacationers.

We entertained at some of the nicest resort hotels in the desert, staging impromptu dances and playing our "nature" instruments—drums, recorders, blocks of wood, anything we could find that made noise. In this way we picked up a little extra money, and shared our enjoyment of life.

Every now and then one of us spent a night in jail for making too much noise, or when we weren't the guests of a hotel. I always carried \$50, hidden away in my pack. I did this because I didn't want to be picked up for vagrancy. But once I was arrested anyway, for having too good a time, I think. With several others I rolled into Palm Springs, singing and yelling and leaping, in and out of the very proper stores, frightening many of the customers.

The police impounded everything I had—my fruit, my poems, and my precious \$50. When the word got out I was in jail, though, it seems half of Palm Springs came to my rescue. I had been lucky enough to have made some friends during my earlier visits to that resort. But I do think the police chief was puzzled. Especially when you consider the mayor of Palm Springs was one of those who spoke up for me.

Generally we were received pretty well by the townspeople wherever we went. We were enjoying ourselves and really doing no harm.

This all seems so long ago—over 20 years. We are in our forties and fifties now and some of the "nature boys" I haven't seen in years.

Gypsy Jean passed away some time ago, but Max is still living above Malibu. And Eden Ahbez still lives in one of the canyons north of Los Angeles. Success never went to Eden's head. Even when he became rich, he stayed in his little shack with his wife and son, living a nature life.

No matter where any of the nature boys are I think they are doing the same, whether they are still in the hills or not. They are living in peace, enjoying a life of love and laughter.

CHAPTER 3

INTO THE MOUNTAINS WITH GIRLS— FOR HEALTH

Perhaps you are beginning to wonder if there were never any girls in my life. There sure were—and are!

Of course the girls in my life today (not counting my beautiful wife) are only those I meet while selling health foods and when speaking at clubs in Los Angeles. But back when I was single, I met two girls at a vegetarian meeting and soon the three of us found ourselves in the California mountains together.

Both girls needed help. One was 40 pounds overweight, the other 20 pounds underweight.

First we went to Tacquitz Canyon near Palm Springs, where we camped in the hills near cold streams. In the morning, after a good night's sleep in sleeping bags, we would take a dip in the stream. The girls screamed a lot at first, but they got used to it because they knew it not only was refreshing, it helped their circulation.

After the cold swim I put the girls through exercises—knee bends while holding heavy rocks, jumping up and down, bending and running and stretching. This was followed by deep breathing, which was about all the girls could manage by that time.

Usually we had a pot of herb tea brewing—wild desert teas with mint and alfalfa in it. We drank as much as we could, saturating our cells with the fluid.

Their diet was just as healthy. We'd prop ourselves up against rocks and eat oily avocados, brazil nuts, oranges and apples. Then we would rest and meditate,

INTO THE MOUNTAINS WITH GIRLS—FOR HEALTH

soaking in the rich sunshine. Then back into the water and out again for more deep breathing.

After a week of this the girls were feeling better. But it wasn't all fun for them. Once in a while we'd drive down to Indio to visit some friends of mine who owned a date orchard. I had those girls working there—climbing trees and picking dates. They worked hard and the fat began to roll off. Unfortunately, the skinny one got skinnier, so we had to try something else.

We headed north to the fig orchards of the Sonoma Valley and Vacaville. There we feasted on juicy figs and black cherries. We stuffed ourselves with grapes and almonds and ate a mixture of soy beans, tomatoes, onions, oil and broth.

Still not being satisfied with their progress, I started to give them the works. I dug a wide hole six feet deep, into which I threw rocks I'd heated in a fire. Then I poured cold water on the rocks to make steam. With a rope I lowered both girls into the pit (there was room for both rocks and girls), jumped in and covered the pit with a tarp.

After a while we were practically suffocating and we found ourselves getting weaker. Finally I helped them out, pushed them into my jeep, and drove back into the hills and the icy streams.

A few months of this and the girls became beautiful. On exactly the same treatment, the underweight girl had gained 20 pounds and the other had lost 30 pounds.

When I look back on that time in the hills I shudder. I made a lot of mistakes and I am thankful everything turned out as well as it did. I'm thankful, too, that the girls were such good sports.

The mistakes? I expected the girls to be able to do everything I did. In the beginning we exercised too much. We stayed too long in the homemade steam room. I learned as we went along, though, and because the air was so fresh and the food so healthy, the girls managed to keep up with me.

I also developed an invigorating routine, a routine you might be able to follow. I have changed the program somewhat here—taking it from the mountains and making it possible in your home—and added an hour-by-hour schedule. Follow this schedule and you will have no worries.

6:30 a.m. - Up and at 'em! But don't *jump* out of bed. Ease out. Breathe deeply and slowly at least ten times and think about what a good day it will be. Wash your face and teeth and drink some cool, pure water.

6:40 a.m. - Get dressed in leisure clothing—quickly now as you will have time to get dressed for the office or for the day's chores later.

6:45 a.m. - Time to walk. If you live near a park with a stream, good. (No, I'm not going to ask you to jump into the stream.) If you live in the country, even better. But no matter where you live—walk. Walk briskly and keep a steady pace. Change the route of your walk for variety. Plan your walk to arrive back at your house or apartment by...

7:30 a.m. - Your lungs should be full of fresh air, your head clear, your body fully awake. Now it is time to exercise all your body. Don't try to do too much. The idea is not to build a set of muscles that will make you an Olympic athlete, but to keep the body healthy and firm. Do your daily dozen, resting between exercises. If you

enjoy yoga, work some of these exercises into the routine.

7:45 a.m. - In the next 20 minutes you should be able to shower, shave, wake the kids and dress for the day. Probably you are hungry after all the exercise, but wait until you are finished with your daily preparation. Breakfast will taste better now. If you *can't* wait, though, drink a glass of fresh fruit or vegetable juice while getting dressed.

8:05 a.m. - Breakfast. (See menus at the end of the book.)

8:30 a.m. - Off to work or school.

10:30 a.m. - This is "coffee break" time in most offices. I suggest you drink some more juice, a glass of milk or some tea with honey. Also relax. You will be back at work again soon enough.

Noon - Lunch. If it is possible, eat your lunch outside. This may not be possible, but if you can get some sun while eating it will be to your advantage. In New York City, for instance, there are many outdoor restaurants and hundreds of people each day either eat their lunch or spend some time after lunch in one of the parks. One of these parks not far from Times Square is filled with people eating lunch from bags. No matter where you live usually you can get some fresh air with lunch.

3:30 p.m. - Time for another tea or juice break.

6:30 p.m. - Dinner. (See menus.) The whole family should eat together unless there are very small children who must be fed at a special time. Relax and talk about your day. But do not discuss any problems. Nothing ruins a good meal like an argument or worry about work not finished. Take your time and chew your food.

7:30 p.m. - I'm not going to tell you how to plan your

evening. I'll just suggest you do it wisely. Don't spend every evening in front of the television set. Develop some hobbies. Read as often as possible. Why not have some friends over for conversation, or talk with the members of your family? Conversation is practically dead today and this is one of the most enjoyable, stimulating things you can do. The idea is enjoy yourself.

10:30 p.m. - In half an hour you should be asleep. Remember, you are getting up at 6:30. Relax and maybe do a few light exercises. Nothing strenuous. Maybe just lying on a slant-board or in a position with your feet higher than your head. If you are hungry, check before eating how many calories you've taken in during the day. If you've cheated on the menu for one reason or another, go without or settle for a dish of yogurt, a glass of milk with brewer's yeast, or some fresh fruit. This makes a fine nightcap.

11:00 p.m. - You should be dropping off to sleep now, and your dreams should all be good ones.

If all this seems a far cry from climbing fig trees and jumping into a hole full of hot rocks and steam, or splashing around in an ice-cold mountain stream, be thankful. But when you think about it, the life the girls in the mountains lived is not too different from yours, once you adapt this routine. You are getting good food, exercise, fresh air, and relaxing. You have time to think and time to talk. And like the two girls, you will feel and look better for your efforts.

CHAPTER 4

ANYONE FOR A WEED SANDWICH?

Back when I was living in the mountains with the "nature boys" and when I was guiding those two girls back to health, much of what we ate was what we found in nature. And as we ate we learned.

One of the first things we learned was that weeds are good for you. There is, in fact, more health-giving energy in some of the so-called weeds in our backyards, in the fields and woods, and in the streams, than in most of what we can get at the neighborhood grocery or restaurant.

I guess we tried everything in those days to learn this. I remember once we even ate some poison oak. We didn't know what it was at the time and maybe that explains why it had no disastrous effect on us. I doubt that, though. I think we were just lucky.

What I am saying is that you can't go out in your yard and tear up a handful of crab grass or any old weed you see, pop it into your mouth, and after swallowing, expect glorious health to follow. Some "weeds" are good for you. Some are not.

Actually, it is no secret that "weeds" are good eating. For years Boy Scout handbooks have had a section on edible plants, the idea being that if a youngster is lost in the woods for a few days he can sustain himself on wild plants. Sassafras root, dandelion leaves and cattail shoots are only three of the edible plants listed by the Boy Scouts.

More recently a fellow who lives in Pennsylvania wrote *two books* on the subject of eating weeds! Once you get

to recognize the edible plants, then get over any reluctance to eat them, he says you can pick enough food in nearby woods and streams in 15 minutes to feed a family of four for a week.

Whenever I was travelling in the Jungle Jeep I carried several kitchen implements — a vegetable grater, a nut grinder (really no more than a meat grinder, but as a vegetarian I never could call it that), a strainer, and some cheese cloth. With these mechanical helpers, I could prepare many tasty meals.

The grater I used to grate carrots and beets (even these grow wild) and mix the pulp with raisins, which are nothing more than dried grapes. It made a delicious salad.

The cheese cloth was used to make nature's wine. It wasn't fermented, but it was good. I'd squeeze a bushel of different kinds of grapes through the cloth and have enough "wine" for several days. No hangovers from this wine, either!

The nut grinder was used for grinding nuts (what else?) to be rolled into a candy we made by mixing the nuts with honey. Honey was always available, once you got over the fear of bees.

Often we'd scare a few bewildered cows when we stopped by a pasture and gathered alfalfa. Then we would find a stream and pull up great bunches of watercress, frightening an occasional fish. Washing everything, we'd mix the two ingredients and have a blood-cleansing salad.

There are so many good foods to be found in the hills and fields. Strawberries, blackberries, huckleberries, cherries, walnuts and figs. Peaches and oranges and dates,

garlic and sassafras and mint. The sassafras root, when boiled in water, makes a wonderful tea. With wild mint leaves, you have a nature tea that is sweet.

When Lois and I married we honeymooned in the desert and in the mountains. During that time, and since, we developed several healthy nature recipes. Even today, living in the heart of Los Angeles, we use these recipes. We include in our meals edible wild plants, grasses and herbs whenever and wherever we can.

I thought maybe you'd like to see some of them, and even try a few, so here are a few of the easiest to collect and prepare.

SORREL SALAD

- 1 cup chopped sorrel
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped watercress
- 1 tsp. olive oil

Sorrel is also known as sour grass and can be used to make a very tart and tasty salad. Mix all ingredients and if you wish, cover the top with fresh tomato slices.

FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SALAD

- 2 cups thinly sliced cucumber
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped bell pepper
- 1 cup tomatoes (cut in small pieces)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion
- 3 or 4 minced or chopped nasturtium leaves

Mix all the ingredients in salad bowl, using chopped green nasturtium seed pods instead of leaves if you prefer. If the salad is not moist enough, you may add a teaspoon of safflower or soy oil.

BLOOD-BUILDER SALAD

- 1 cup chopped raw spinach
- 1 cup chopped watercress
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced parsley
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced alfalfa

Mix all ingredients and serve with an oil or a home-made mayonnaise dressing.

On all these salads, and on the others in the book as

well, you can use a wild mint dressing. Mint grows just about everywhere and once you find some, you can transplant it to your own backyard or window box. It provides a pretty "cover" for the garden and lasts some time as you only need a few leaves at a time.

MINT DRESSING

2 tbs. honey
3 tbs. finely chopped mint
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice
Wash mint and remove leaves from stems (or merely pick needed leaves). Chop very fine and measure. Mix well with honey. Put in jar, close lid and let stand for several hours in the sun. Then add lemon juice.

Still another fine seasoner for salads is kelp, commonly known as seaweed. Rich in minerals, this foodstuff has been used extensively in time of war and now is being considered as part of the answer to the world's food shortage. It is a shame we don't all include it in our menu. It is available in powdered form and goes well on salads and baked potatoes.

A similarly nutritious "salt substitute" from the sea is the dulse leaf. It, too, can be broken into small pieces or ground into a powder and sprinkled on a salad. Dulse leaves are good for snacks as well—with raw, unsalted nuts.

The following baked dish makes a nice dessert for cool weather. And, yes, rhubarb grows wild.

RHUBARB BROWN BETTY

2 cups whole wheat bread crumbs
3 cups rhubarb (cut in small pieces)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. nutmeg
3 tbs. butter

Mix three-fourths of the bread and three-fourths of the rhubarb and place in deep baking dish. Bring

honey and water to a boil. Pour over bread and rhubarb mixture. Sprinkle remainder of crumbs over this, sprinkle with nutmeg and dot with butter. Scatter rest of rhubarb over top. Bake in moderate oven (315°) 30 to 40 minutes.

This last nature recipe is excellent for those with problems of regularity.

LAXATIVE FRUIT ROLL

1 lb. dried black figs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. raisins
2 tbs. slippery elm bark
3 tbs. powdered senna leaves
4 tbs. powdered charcoal
4 tbs. soy or safflower oil
4 tbs. honey

Grind figs and raisins in food chopper and mix with other ingredients. When thoroughly blended, shape into small loaf or roll. Wrap in wax paper and keep in refrigerator, slicing as needed.

A word of warning. This is a powerful combination of foodstuffs and each individual must experiment to find the correct amount needed. What I have suggested here is suitable for the average person.

There!

Sour grass, nasturtium leaves (and pods), alfalfa, seaweed, wild rhubarb, even tree bark—all good for you and all available from nature's garden. In another chapter, "What'll You Have to Drink?" I have included several nature drinks and teas, so you can drink as well as eat your way through your neighboring field or stream. Weeds are good for you!

CHAPTER 5

GOING HUNGRY, ON PURPOSE

Often I have lived on very little food, but never have I gone hungry without a reason. There is a reason for going hungry occasionally. Did you know that? It's called "fasting."

I've been on several dozen fasts in my life and I have guided others on similar "hungry spells." I believe they are good for you if—and that's a big "if"—you prepare for them in the right way, you conduct yourself in the right manner during the fast, and you don't do it too often.

Fasting is nothing new. The yogis of India have been fasting for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years. One of the greatest men of this century, Gandhi, fasted often, and for longer than a month each time. Gandhi was a wise man but I do not suggest you try to break his record.

Why fast at all? The simplest answer is that the body often demands it. The body needs to "clean house," to get rid of all the poisons in it. Have you ever noticed how little you eat when you are sick? There are a number of reasons for this, but one is that the body is throwing off poisons, partially through fasting. Animals react the same way. When sick, they refuse food, and they resume eating only when they've recovered.

How do you prepare for a fast? First, you must decide when you are going to fast. I suggest either on a weekend or during your vacation because when on a fast it is best not to be doing your daily work and living under the pressures that go with the normal work-week.

GOING HUNGRY, ON PURPOSE

You also should pick a natural and peaceful environment. The beach, mountains and desert are good, but even staying at home will be suitable if you can assure yourself of quiet.

For one to two days before starting, load up on all the spring water and ripe oranges and orange juice you can hold. The natural sugar in the oranges will build up extra energy that will help you through the fast.

You also must think positively. The last two days, think: "I'll be a new person. I'll have new thoughts and greater peace of mind."

Now you are ready to begin. Some people advocate long fasts and little activity. I disagree. We only fast to burn up or rid our body of toxins and if we can accomplish this in a shorter period without unnecessary strain, we don't weaken the body too much. Of course, you'll feel a little weak during the fast, but this is natural. Don't worry about it.

I believe, then, in exercising during a fast. Swimming and walking are good. So are light sitting-up exercises. But be careful. Don't overdo it. Just enough to keep moderately active.

Another important thing is to drink plenty of pure water. The body can get along without food, but not without water. Drink as much as you like.

Lastly—and I say this again—think positively. I cannot emphasize this enough. It is good to think this way always, but it is especially important during a fast. You will be hungry and a little weak, and if your family or friends are around, you may be inclined to be a little abrupt. By thinking positively, you will be easier to live with and much happier yourself.

There are a number of things that happen to the body during a fast, and it is possible that some of these reactions could worry you. Try to understand that there is no cause for alarm.

When you fast during illness, whether it is a self-imposed fast or a natural one, your tongue usually is heavily coated and your breath may be somewhat offensive. This happens because after you have gone without food for a few days, this part of the digestive tract practically reverses itself. Before the fast the tongue, esophagus and stomach took food in. Now they are, in a sense, eliminating food, or wastes. This is why for years doctors have been saying, "Let me see your tongue."

As I say, there is no cause for alarm. Soon the coating will disappear and your appetite will return to normal. Your digestive tract will be functioning again as it should.

Even when you are not sick, and you are fasting, you may experience an occasional unpleasantness. I must repeat this: You *may* experience an occasional unpleasantness. I do not say you will.

You will, of course, be weak. If in the middle of a fast you decide to move a lot of furniture or to change a tire on your automobile, you are going to have some difficulty. You will be weak from the fasting and you probably will become dizzy. This can be avoided by not exerting yourself during a fast. This is one of the primary rules.

Some people when they fast report having an occasional headache. Others say they couldn't keep what little food they did eat on their stomachs. They became sick. Even with reactions such as these, and these are the exception rather than the rule, there seldom is cause for

for concern. The body is throwing off poisons in every way possible.

Let me say, finally, there is generally no risk whatever in fasting unless your vitality is at an extremely low ebb when you begin. If you are in good health, a fast can do you only good. And once the fast is complete, you will feel much better than before.

Another suggestion. Try to find someone to join you in the fast. When I suggested this to a friend of mine, he said, "That makes sense. Misery loves company." I laughed, but quickly explained there is no "misery" in fasting, so long as your attitude is positive. Having a companion during a fast is inspiring. And as with any other activity, it always is good to have someone nearby with whom you can share the experience.

I have mentioned getting the proper amount of light exercise. It is also important to get enough sleep. Some people require less sleep when fasting, but most require a little more. Go to bed early. And do what you've been wanting to do for a long time: Sleep as late as you want in the morning.

How long should you fast? Three or four days is a good length of time. A weekend is good, too. But you definitely should try to go longer than one day. Many cults and religions fast at least one 24-hour period a year and it is taken as a matter of course. The body really needs longer than that to throw off all the poisons that have been building up in it. I prefer a fast of a week. You can try for half that time. And reap wonderful benefits.

After the fast, what? Wait until about mid-day before eating. Start the day with deep breathing, a cold shower

and resting in the sun. Then at noon you can have your first meal.

It is important that you don't break your fast with cooked foods or any starchy foods. The body is weak and to consume such food would be a mistake. The best meal would consist of some fresh coconut meat and fresh beets. If you want more, eat a healthy salad or some cottage cheese with a piece of toasted whole wheat bread.

The first day your diet should consist largely of salads, cottage cheese, vegetable juices, and fruit. The following day you can return to your normal diet.

A final word about fasting, and this is for those who decide they don't want to fast, or say they can't find the proper time or surroundings.

Of course, if we really want to cleanse our bodies by fasting, we *can* find the time and place. It is that important. However, if you decide "no," there is a next best thing.

This is going on a cleansing or elimination diet consisting largely of fruits and liquids. This will get rid of the poisons more slowly, but the result will be the same.

When I was living in the hills I occasionally ate nothing but cherries, or some other fruit, and drank nothing but goat's milk—for as long as seven days at a time. I'd also visit the nearby mineral baths, soaking and sweating the poisons out.

A variation of this rugged regimen can be conducted in the home. Here I suggest one of two diets. One is for cleansing, the other for elimination, which, of course also cleanses the body of its toxins.

Actually, there are many good cleansing diets. But

probably the most effective one is to adopt a diet of fruits and stick with it for several days. Any of the following fruits are good, either continuing the diet from day to day with the same fruit, or changing to a different fruit each day: Grapes, papaya (with lemon juice), watermelon, grapefruit or oranges (or some other citrus), and raw, grated apples.

For the elimination diet I am going to suggest I owe thanks to my dear friend Indra Devi, one of the world's leading teachers of yoga. She credits one of her pupils with this diet and I know it is a good one.

In the morning, immediately upon rising, you should drink a glass of water with fresh lemon juice.

Then for breakfast you have a choice of three meals: (1) fresh fruit with raw, natural honey, (2) whole grain cereal with honey, date sugar, or raw brown sugar, or (3) a slice of whole grain bread (rye or wheat) with almond or date butter, some herb tea, and a glass of soybean milk, raw cow's milk, or goat's milk.

A midmorning snack is okay, too, if you limit it to some fruit or a glass of vegetable juice.

For lunch, eat a salad of raw greens (watercress, parsley, and the like) with an oil dressing, one slice of whole grain bread or a small baked potato, some yogurt or cottage cheese, and some buttermilk or herb tea.

Again a snack is allowed, this one in midafternoon. And again, some juice or fruit.

For dinner, eat only some vegetable broth, some celery sticks or carrots or diced cucumbers, a serving of either cheese or nuts or eggs, two vegetables (one grown above ground, one below), some fresh fruit or raisins and nuts, and some herb tea.

BARE FEET AND GOOD THINGS TO EAT

Four hours after your last meal take a spoonful of oil—safflower, sunflower, sesame, soybean, or cod liver—with orange juice.

Indra's diet includes meat, fish and poultry. I have eliminated this element, but there is everything here you will need. You will not be missing any necessary vitamins.

These diets, or fasting, will leave you feeling fresh and clean again. You should try them at least twice a year.

CHAPTER 6

A BAG OF FRUIT AND LOVE

Even learning as much as I had, and being as happy as I was. I was occasionally lonely. You can run around in the hills, living from day to day, just so long. Then you realize something is missing. Everything is temporary. Every day you wonder where you will eat the next day, and where you will sleep.

It had been fun and I had kept my health by living this way, but I realized, at last, it was time to find an additional "something." I hadn't found it here, so I was considering leaving the country to go on a kind of vague "mission" to Mexico or Africa. There, I thought, I could find a really free soul, a simple, unskilled woman who would share my life and love.

While thinking about this—I had no idea how I would do it—I visited the Walt Baptiste Health Studio in San Francisco with a shopping bag of ripe figs. It was Ladies' Day at the gym and I thought I might be able to sell the figs to the girls. I sang and danced and gave away free samples, selling all of the rest. Then one of the girls, Phyllis Bloemker, suggested—as a gag—that I meet her sister.

The gag backfired. I visited her sister, we fell in love, and now she is my beautiful wife.

I was taken to meet Lois by her sister. I was hoping that this would be *the* girl— even if it was supposed to be a joke—so I borrowed some clothing from friends. I wanted to make a good impression. Unfortunately, my friends were much heavier than I was, so what greeted Lois was something that looked more like a mountain

of loose clothing than a man. Lois' sister was laughing now, but Lois invited me in. The three of us walked up to her apartment.

"Isn't he wild?" Phyllis said. "Isn't he the wildest thing you've ever seen?"

"Well," said Lois, "he certainly is different."

Phyllis began to laugh.

Then Lois turned to me, pointed to the sack in my arms, and said. "What's that?"

"Fruit to make you beautiful," I said, immediately realizing I'd said the wrong thing. "Fruit to make you *more* beautiful! Maybe that isn't possible, but you'll feel better if you eat it."

I began dumping the contents into her arms. Apricots. Peaches. Figs. Apples. You name it. Pretty soon the food was spilling all over the floor. Now Lois and Phyllis were both laughing. I liked that, so I dashed to a window.

"You need air in here! Fresh air!"

I threw open the window and breathed deeply, then turned and sat on the sill. I began to sing my songs. I shouted my love to the world. The world began shouting back. "Shut up!" someone said. "My baby is trying to sleep!"

I stopped my singing and started dancing. Lois and Phyllis just watched. Then we talked. I told Lois about my life in the hills.

For weeks I came back, without Phyllis, and each time I talked and sang. Always at the top of my lungs. As Lois remembers it today, "I didn't stay very long in that building. I enjoyed Gypsy, but the neighbors didn't." Lois moved and we continued our courtship.

I suppose all of us wonder how we know when we are in love. Lois and I knew when we saw real happiness in each other's eyes. The eyes, we are told, are mirrors of the soul. I believe this. Of course, when Mr. and Mrs. Bloemker met me, they thought my eyesight was all right but that Lois' was failing rapidly.

Lois is a talented and intelligent woman and her parents were surprised that she could fall for a guy like me. She was a graduate of the Goodman Theatre of Chicago and had studied at the University of California at Berkeley. I was a graduate of the School of Experience and the College of Hard Knocks. Lois is reserved and dignified, and my parading down Market Street in my sandals and shorts selling figs caused some to say I was not the least bit reserved or dignified. Lois' parents didn't seem to think we were what is known as "perfectly matched."

That didn't seem to matter. Lois had experienced life in much the same way I had. She had worked at many things—as a lady mailman during the war, a mechanic at Douglas Aircraft, and as a soda jerk and librarian. What was more important, she was looking for the same thing in life, the way of health and happiness.

Lois was working in the book department of a San Francisco department store. I decided to pay her a visit there. At the last minute I was afraid I might cause her embarrassment. As I turned away from the entrance with my bag of fruit, I had an idea. I walked up to a perfect stranger.

"Excuse me," I said, scaring him a little, I think. "There's an elegant, beautiful redhead working in that store."

"Good," he said. "Pleased to hear it." He turned to

walk away.

"No, wait a minute. You've got to help me." I pushed the bag of fruit into his hands. It was beginning to drip and he pushed it back. "Let me explain," I said. "She's my girl and I don't think they'd let me go in there. You, they won't ask questions, so take this fruit to her and tell her it's from me."

Finally he agreed, more to get rid of me than anything else, I think. He found Lois, mumbled something about "some nut with a beard," and dashed off, leaving the soggy bag on the counter.

When I saw Lois later she thanked me, blushing when she recalled the reaction to my gift. "You've added a few more people to the list of those who don't understand you," she said. "And the first name on the list is my boss. He was standing there when the fruit arrived. He was horrified!"

We talked about this and after a while we were laughing. After all, we hadn't done any harm. We'd just disrupted the book department for a few minutes, that was all.

The next day I went back to the store. And each day after that. I was never allowed inside, though, and I had to keep finding agreeable strangers. By now, leftover fruit was piling up in Lois' locker in the employees' locker room. The room was beginning to have an odor all its own. The employees began to complain. It didn't seem to bother Lois, though, and she continued to accept my gifts.

About the same time I started working in a night club. My good friend Eden Ahbez was enjoying some fame then with his song "Nature Boy," and I suppose it was

because of that song I was given the job. I hadn't written the song, but I looked the part.

I had been walking through San Francisco's International Settlement, handing out nuts and figs, attracting a crowd around me. Then for some reason I stopped and looked into a small, nearly empty club. I saw some girls dancing and thought, "I can dance, too. And I can sing. I've got an act!"

I walked into the club and told the owner I'd like to stimulate his business and make people happy.

He was a little skeptical, but said, "If you can improve my business, you sure can make *me* happy. What's your act?"

"I've got a great act!" I said. "I act natural."

"Fine. What do you do in your act?"

"I have a lot of hair and a lot of guts. And if you don't think I can attract a crowd, look outside your door."

After a while he said, "What do I have to lose?" Then he walked up to the stage to talk to the bandleader.

The band began to play a fast number, the kind that strip teasers like. I hadn't noticed it was that kind of club, but I jumped on the stage anyway. I took off my shirt and sandals and went into my version of a Russian Cossack dance. I was shouting and singing the songs of the orchards. I leaped and *dove* on the floor.

At one end of the stage there was a pole and right near it two tables. From the other side of the stage I ran at the pole, grabbed it, and swung over the heads of the diners. They yelled, afraid I would land on their drinks. When I didn't, they asked me to do it again.

I guess the people in that club were startled by my act, maybe even a little shocked. But at the end of the

evening the boss came up to me and gave me five dollars. I had agreed to entertain that night for nothing, just so he could see my act, and after knocking over a few tables and tearing a curtain on the stage, I thought I was going to get a bill.

"Here," he said, handing me the money. "You earned it. My drinking business doubled tonight. I think my customers drank more because you scared them to death, but they didn't leave, so come back tomorrow and we'll talk about a salary."

Not long after that the Pago Pago Club was paying me \$36 a night. Word got out that a wild man with a beard was making a fool of himself at the Pago Pago and everyone in San Francisco seemed to stop by at one time or another.

Three weeks later I quit. I got tired of breathing smoke and staying up until three o'clock every morning. I called Lois from the club and held the phone toward the room.

"Listen, Lois," I said. "Hear that?"

She agreed that the noise was deafening, that this was not the life for me.

All during this time I had kept strangers busy carrying bags of fruit into the department store. Lois' fellow workers seemed to tolerate it, barely, but one woman was indignant. She had been in the book department for 20 years. She spoke with a British accent, wore her glasses low on her nose, and glared a lot. One day she reached under a counter and began rummaging around for a book and Lois knew her days in the store were numbered.

Instead of finding the book, the woman brought out a

handful of goo. Lois had forgotten about some figs she'd placed there a few days earlier.

The woman turned to Lois and glared. "Does *this* belong to you?" she asked, waving her gooey hand in Lois' face.

Three days later Lois joined me on the beach. First she had lost her apartment because of me, and now she had lost her job. Somehow it didn't seem to matter. We went to her parents and told them we were going to get married. They still thought I was nuts and Lois was nuts to continue seeing me, but there wasn't very much they could do.

On a bright warm day we left town. Reno, Nevada, was the closest town for an informal ceremony, but we drove instead to Yuma, Arizona. I wanted to load up on desert citrus and there were some hot mineral baths nearby where we decided to spend our honeymoon.

Going with us on the trip were two friends, one of my bearded friends from the hills, Gypsy Jean, and my cousin Charley Fox. I think Yuma is still recovering. It was a marriage like no other the city had seen.

Before the ceremony, we celebrated on the courthouse lawn. We drank carrot juice and sang and danced. Gypsy Jean played "Happy Days Are Here Again" and the "Wedding March" on the accordion. Lois banged away on a tambourine. And Charley Fox crashed away on a huge drum and rattled a bunch of big bells.

A crowd gathered and the police came rushing in. We were disturbing the peace, they said.

"We're not disturbing the peace," I shouted over the music. "We're getting married."

"Sure. Sure. Now just come with us."

We thought they were joking until we arrived at the back of the courthouse. This was where the station-house was. Then Lois, probably the only "normal" one in the party so far as the police could tell, came to the rescue.

"Honestly, we're really getting married. The judge inside is expecting us."

One of the officers looked puzzled. "So what was that all about on the courthouse lawn?"

"That was the wedding reception," Lois said. "We thought we would have it first."

Finally they let us go, but they told us never to get married in Yuma again.

We promised them we wouldn't and left to find the judge. It seemed then that the city had forgiven us for the noise we made. The judge did, anyway. He refused to take the usual fee for performing the ceremony and took only a grapefruit instead.

As for Lois' parents, today they seem to have accepted me and they visit whenever they can. The last time they came to Los Angeles was shortly after our third son was born. Little Frederick is named for Lois' father.

CHAPTER 7

MARRIAGE: NATURE BOY STYLE

The first years of our marriage were as free and unbridled as the years that came before it. We had all the responsibilities of marriage, but we also had a responsibility to enjoy life. We decided early that marriage wasn't going to change that. And it never has.

To begin with, our honeymoon lasted three months. Our home was the Jungle Jeep.

One time, driving through California, Lois and I decided to bed down in a cow pasture for the night. It was not yet dark when we stopped. We ate a meal of raisins, oats and fresh milk, then relaxed, our feet propped up on the jeep's bumper to help the circulation.

To further our relaxation I took out a battered phonograph you wind up to play. I turned the crank and the field was filled with sweet music. We owned only one record then, a scratchy version of "Maleguena." But it was the most beautiful music in the world to us.

After a while, Lois got up and began to dance, her long, red hair flowing behind her, her bare feet keeping time with the music, castanets clicking in her hands. We attracted quite an audience that evening—by count, 24 cows, and three dogs. But then we noticed something else. Besides the animals we also were attracting humans. Traffic was stopping on the nearby highway, backed up nearly a mile as cars screeched to a halt. I guess they couldn't figure us out. We laughed and called hello to them. I went on cranking the phonograph and Lois continued her dancing.

The rest of our honeymoon was spent walking in the

hills and desert, picking fruit, and visiting friends. This was when Lois first met my nature boy friends. She wondered at the time if maybe all my friends had beards and long hair, but she took to them quite naturally. And they loved Lois just as much.

Too soon it came time for me to get a job—a regular job. Something in the business world. That was what we decided anyway. It was a big mistake. I wasn't cut out for that sort of life. But I had to try it to find out.

What I did was go on the road with a clothing salesman. I hated to leave Lois, but we needed money and we thought it would be the best thing. Besides, I wasn't to be away from home for long.

Leaving Lois in San Francisco, I set off with the salesman for Utah.

The salesman was a nice fellow, but he didn't understand me. I need fresh air, and he wanted to keep the car windows closed. (Only once did he give in, and that was when I ate a lot of garlic.) I found it difficult to be cooped up inside a car most of every day without any chance to get out for exercise. Only when we were in Montana—we were aimed at Utah by a round about route—did I get a chance to exercise as I wanted. After a day of packing and unpacking clothes for exhibits and retailers, I just *had* to run through a field. Which I did. The fact that it was in the middle of winter and there was a lot of snow on the ground didn't stop me.

Apparently, though, it made the salesman wonder about me—more than he already had been wondering. As soon as we reached Utah, I was fired.

I called Lois and she joined me there. I hadn't seen her in two months. It was a wonderful reunion, especial-

ly so because it was then she told me she was pregnant. We hitchhiked back to California, laughing and talking about what we'd do when we were home again, talking about approaching parenthood.

Soon after that I took a job at the Sonoma Valley Inn as a caddy. I did just about as well on the golf course as I did on the way to Utah. The only difference was I got plenty of fresh air and exercise. Where I failed again was in satisfying my employer.

I guess my biggest problem was that this was the first time I tried being a caddy, and I'd never watched anyone play golf before.

The first hole the golfer slammed the ball into the rough. "Did you see where that ball went?" he asked. "What?"

"I said, 'Did you see where the ball went?'"

"No," I had to admit. "I'm sorry, I was watching that fig tree there to the left."

Making things worse, I gave him the wrong clubs and thinking I was doing him a favor I'd kick the ball out of a sand trap with my bare feet every time he was unlucky enough to hit the ball into one.

Then we came to where you wash the golf balls. I stopped and threw water all over myself. That did it. The man for whom I was caddying had been getting angrier and angrier. But when he saw me washing myself instead of his golf ball, he came apart. That is, he began to laugh.

The same sort of thing went on for 18 holes. And at the end of the game he said, "I've never lost so many golf balls in my life, and I've seldom scored this badly. But I've never laughed so hard or so much. Here. Take this."

He gave me a five-dollar tip.

I may have made that golfer laugh, but the Sonoma Valley Inn wasn't taking any chances. Maybe the next golfer wouldn't laugh. So the next day I was cutting lawns.

As the months rolled by I resumed my peddling of fruit and returned to entertaining at parties. There were three in the Boots family now. Lois, Gypsy and little Alexander. Our first son — I've always called him "Zander"—was born when we were living in a one-room basement apartment in San Francisco, but shortly after that we moved to the beach.

We also travelled a lot with our baby, spending time with Eden Ahbez when we were near Los Angeles, or camping out in the hills north of our home town. As we moved from place to place, Zander slept in a banana box, sort of a nature cradle.

My life—our life together—remained unchanged the next few years. We enjoyed life. We never had much to call our own and we had no permanent home, but we were happy. Zander was getting a childhood much like my own, with lots of good food and freedom. And as my father peddled brooms door-to-door, I was peddling fresh fruit.

There came one other time in the early years of our marriage when I had to leave home for a while. I hated to leave Lois and Zander, but it seemed like a job I couldn't pass up. Spike Jones wanted me to tour with his band. I was to be his advance publicity man.

Spike was rehearsing his "Insanity Revue" at the Geary Theatre in San Francisco when I met him. I knew about the revue but our meeting was accidental. And it

was only on a impulse that I said, "You have an Insanity Revue. I'm as insane as you are."

At first he must have thought I belonged not in his revue but where people really were insane. We talked for a while, though, and he said, "Okay Gypsy. Can you come to my home in Beverly Hills?"

"You bet I can!"

In Beverly Hills I met his lovely wife Helen and his children. They offered me choice fruit and nuts and I showed them my wild gypsy dances, stood on my head and sang nature songs. I guess I was auditioning.

His wife looked at Spike and said, "It's as nutty, or stranger, than the things that you do. I'd hire him if I were you."

The next thing I knew I was on the road with Spike, standing on my head on top of a building in one city, walking on my hands through banks and department stores in another, thumping a drum and passing out peanuts along the main street in a third. I was doing anything I could to attract attention to Spike's show.

Between cities I was with the revue in Spike's bus. I carried bags and boxes of food with me, of course, and it was this that started an unfortunate misunderstanding between us. More specifically, I think it was the fruit flies that started the misunderstanding. Spike had put up with a lot in his time, but never had he put up with fruit flies.

More important, I think, was the fact that Spike's crew of musicians and entertainers lived a totally different life from the one I liked. They had their habits and I had mine. Every time the bus stopped, I'd go searching for a fruit tree to climb, or go splashing in a

nearby stream, while the musicians dashed off for cigarettes, coffee and a drink.

And then in New Orleans I got arrested.

I was walking along the street, naked to the waist as usual, a bottle of juice in one hand, a bunch of bananas I'd just bought in the other. And I was singing. Then up came a policeman.

"Just a minute there, buddy," he said. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Nowhere. I'm just walking."

"You can't walk around like that. You been drinking?"

"Yes," I said, smiling. "I've just had some carrot juice."

I was telling the truth, but I don't think the officer believed that was all I had had, because ten minutes later I was in jail. It took Spike Jones to get me out.

Maybe it was the few hours I spent in jail (Spike Jones got publicity over this, too), maybe it was the garlic and the fruit flies. Maybe it was because I disappeared off and on with one of his musicians for a romp through a field, because I did that, too. I don't know. But there definitely was a misunderstanding of some kind. When we reached Oklahoma, I found myself out of work again.

I hitchhiked back to San Francisco. I had been on the road with Spike and his "Insanity Revue" for six weeks. Now I was going to *stay* home.

The months that followed I picked fruit a few hours a day and enjoyed being with my family. I had been away for too long. I wasn't going to do it again.

In time, Lois and I decided to take the family to Los Angeles. We always had loved southern California, and it was in Los Angeles we felt we could establish a permanent home and continue our health way of life with

simplicity.

At first, Lois went to work as a cashier in a health food store called Organic-ville, while I delivered food to that store and others in town. Little Zander travelled with me in my truck, sleeping now in an orange crate. (After all, he was getting bigger.)

When Lois became pregnant again, she quit work and I became a chauffeur. That's right. A chauffeur! And for one of the fanciest hotels in the world—the Beverly Hills Hotel!

I admit I shaved my beard to get the job, but it was one of the most interesting six-month-long periods I ever spent.

To begin with, I applied for the job *with* the beard.

"Are you kidding?" said the hotel manager. "The way you look, we wouldn't hire you as a janitor. Shave and get a haircut, then come back."

He still was reluctant to hire me when I returned, but he did say I looked better. My beard was gone and my hair only hung over my collar a little instead of flowing down to my shoulders.

"Maybe . . . oh, all right," he said finally. "Now, you're sure you know how to drive?"

"Sure," I said. "I've been driving for years!"

I didn't tell him about the Jungle Jeep. I figured he had enough to worry about.

I was given a uniform and told when to report.

Things went pretty smoothly, I guess. I got lost driving to the airport a number of times and sometimes drove guests of the hotel to the Burbank airport instead of Los Angeles International. (Only 45 minutes in the wrong direction, that's all!) And I had trouble with the push-

button controls in the limousine. I was used to a straight stick shift. But for what I lacked in experience as a chauffeur, I tried to offer in service. I always had fruit and juice to offer those who needed me as a driver.

One of my regular customers was the great character actress Dorothy Stickney. She always asked for "Boots" when she was appearing in a movie with Red Skelton at MGM. I picked her up each morning at 6 a.m. and took her to the studio, then picked her up again at the end of the day's shooting.

One day she called an hour early and suggested we go for a drive before reporting for work.

"Let's go to the beach," I said.

She was agreeable and when we got there I taught her some deep breathing exercises. We walked along the beach by the water and talked about what we wanted. I said I wanted to live forever. She said she did, too.

And then it was back to work again.

Sometimes during the day I'd take the family for a ride in the car. It was a big, black limousine and I never did learn to master all the buttons it had. I had to keep pushing until I got the right one. Windows would roll up and down, the cigarette lighter would pop in and out. Then finally I'd find "Forward" and off we'd go, Zander sitting between us.

Six months of this and I knew it was time to let my beard grow again.

The early years were wonderful years. We learned that it was not necessary to get into a rut, that marriage was even more exciting than not being married. We shared all our experiences, and had plenty of experiences to share.

Like all married couples, though, we had a dream. Our life was free and easy, but we worked at the dream very hard.

CHAPTER 8

HOLLYWOOD'S HEALTHIEST HUT

In 1958, the dream came true. We opened a Back to Nature Health Hut in Hollywood, not far from Beverly Hills. It wasn't a perfect restaurant in many respects, but even now I am very proud of it.

I started with nothing but enthusiasm and a lot of volunteer help. An artist friend painted huge signs that read: "Back to Nature!" and "Organic Fruit, Produce & Juice." Someone else offered to paint the walls. My uncle contributed money for the kitchen equipment and the landlord said I wouldn't have to pay any rent for two months. It was a small restaurant that seated only 30 people, and often they had to sit on apple boxes. But it was a dream come true.

In many ways I was successful in this venture, but success had a strange beginning. My first "grand opening" was a flop.

George Liberace had agreed to play his violin at that opening. Lois and I cooked all day and we prepared many tasty tid-bits that we planned to give to our first customers. The hut was as clean as it ever would be and we had a large carton of leis to place around the necks of all visitors.

George arrived promptly at seven and everything was in waiting.

Then it began to rain. Boy, did it rain!

Two hours later we held the "grand opening" anyway. George Liberace played his violin for our soaked and bedraggled first-nighters. It was an extremely small crowd. Two unemployed actors, one elderly woman, and

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a cat.

The following week we held our second "grand opening." This time, people were standing in long rows to get in.

Through my wife's working in the health food shop and my meeting people at resorts, we had come to know a few celebrities. Lance Fuller and John Agar came to my opening and signed autographs while Lois distributed complimentary nuts, dates, carob cookies and sandwiches. "Nature girl" waitresses served the finest fruit and vegetable juices to hundreds of visitors, and George Liberace returned with his violin. It *was* a grand opening. I knew that my hut would be liked.

Word of this "strange bearded fellow's strange restaurant" spread rapidly. A couple of newspaper columnists mentioned me in their columns and in less than two weeks my hut was on network television two times—once on Jack Linkletter's old show, "On the Go," and once with Jim Backus when he was substituting for Dave Carroway on the "Today" show.

This gave me the start I needed. I had had more publicity in two weeks than most restaurants get in two years. People who saw the television shows came to see if I was real, and if my hut really was a restaurant. After they had been there, apparently they told their friends.

It was through Jim Backus that the hut attracted so many celebrities. Two of his best friends were Mr. and Mrs. Red Buttons and once they had visited the place, they became my biggest boosters.

It was often amusing when someone came to the door and said rather hesitantly, "Uhhh . . . I'm a friend of Red Buttons and he said . . . that is, do you know Red But-

tons?" By now whoever it was was thinking he was in the wrong place. But they came in.

I can't blame them for being a little reluctant. At the time, Red was playing a clown in a picture called "The Big Circus" and he himself said the hut was a bigger and messier circus than his movie set. When Burl Ives arrived and I apologized for the seedy appearance, he said not to change a thing. He said it reminded him of his barn back home in the hills.

That will give you an idea how the hut looked. It was, as one writer described it, "the dirtiest restaurant in town, but you serve the cleanest food to the cleanest people."

I remember when Barrie Chase first came in. She had just finished a long day rehearsing with Fred Astaire and she looked tired.

"Barrie," I said, "you need some Gypsy Boots Hi-Power Super Protein Energy Drink."

"That sounds like a seven-course meal, not a drink. But, okay . . . if you say so."

After that, she came to the hut regularly after rehearsal. She said she liked the drink, even if I did sometimes forget to take out the egg shells. This is how the energy drink is made.

ENERGY DRINK

Into a blender or liquifier pour one cup raw milk. Add ½ banana, 2 tsp. carob powder, 2 tsp. skim milk powder, 1 tsp. brewers yeast, ½ tsp. black strap molasses, and one raw egg. Blend and serve chilled.

Still another celebrity who came to the hut was Gloria Swanson, one of the biggest boosters of the health food way of life. She always came for lunch, often with Indra Devi. Gloria always made me stand a rigid inspection. "I love your food," she said. "but it worries me when I

look at your hands."

I like Gloria, but not just because she came to my health hut and recommended it to her friends. I like her because she is the perfect woman. She is, first, a woman. She is feminine. When she walks into a room you know someone beautiful and graceful has made an entrance.

She is also proud. Gloria Swanson started her career in silent movies and today she is as much a motion picture queen as she was then. Almost all of those who starred with her in the early days are gone now. Gloria is sad about that, but she knows why she is still so full of life and energy. She cares about life and she does something about it.

What is it she does? One time when she was on "The Steve Allen Show," Steve asked her if she would like to have a glass of juice. (Steve follows the way of health, too.) "I'm sorry, Steve," she said. "I'm particular. I have to know where the oranges came from." What Gloria meant was she eats and drinks only organic foods.

I agree with Gloria. I have a slogan: "Don't panic! Go organic!" I am not saying you have to eat organic foods. In many parts of the country, sadly, these foods are not available. All I ask is that you watch what you *do* eat and like Gloria Swanson, occasionally say, "I'm sorry. I'm particular." Your friends won't think you're crazy. They'll envy you for your good sense.

There were so many celebrities who came to the hut—Susan Oliver, Tina Louise, Max Baer, Jack Smith, Angie Dickenson, and George Hamilton, to name only a few.

This is not to say I catered only to celebrities. For many people, a visit to my hut was an investment in health. For others it merely had become fashionable to

get dressed to the teeth and go sit on Gypsy's apple crates. No, most of my customers were not celebrities. I never refused anyone. If someone came in and said, "I love your food, but I haven't any money." I said that was all right, just put on an apron and help out tonight. That is how I got all my help.

Many prominent people visited my hut, many of them actors and actresses who studied their scripts or read books between sips of my hi-powered energy drink or coconut juice, but most of the customers were not stars. I guess my souvenir menu summed it up as well as anything. It called my hut "a haven for movie moguls, folk singers, fire-walkers, fan dancers, phrenologists, philosophers, psychologists, soothsayers, saints, showmen, space people, professors, poets, phony wrestlers, oppressed quiz show contestants, anthropologists, artists, astrologers, alchemists, yogis, bongo and bayalaika virtuosos, tree-dwellers, radical intellectuals, Venusians and utopians." The three years I was in business I think we had every category represented, and lots more—except maybe Venusians.

I had two mottos at my health hut. The first was "a good laff feeds the soul." I still feel that way. We had fun every night and every day.

I remember when we kept a monkey in the hut. His name was Peanuts and he was our organic mascot. (Only the best bananas for him!) But there was one time he got into trouble. We believed in freedom and we didn't keep him caged or chained, so he had the run of the hut.

One of our customers had called me over to say there was no flavor in the soup. I was about to say I couldn't understand why, when Peanuts came swinging down

over the table from the ceiling and settled his furry hide in the soup bowl.

"How's that for flavor?" I asked, laughing. Probably it wasn't the proper thing to do, but it struck me as being funny.

That day I lost a perfectly good bowl of soup, a monkey, and a humorless customer.

Thankfully, that sort of thing didn't happen too often. Usually the days and nights ran along pretty smoothly. Until Saturday night, that is. That was when we staged our back-to-nature luaus.

The luaus started, I guess, because we had a patio adjoining the restaurant. Lois told me I was spending so much time dancing and entertaining the customers instead of sorting the vegetables and helping in the kitchen, I should set aside a special night. That way, she said, she could get some help from me in the kitchen during the week and on Saturdays I could do anything I pleased.

Unfortunately, Lois couldn't be there for the first luau. She was in the hospital giving birth to our second son, Daniel, so the service left much to be desired. Even so, I think the entertainment made up for it.

I had told everyone about the luau and the customers began arriving at eight o'clock. The room only held 30, legally, but more than twice that number were there, sitting on boxes and crude benches, their minks or ragged sweaters folded on their laps. I didn't care what people wore to my place, so long as they wore a smile.

As soon as the place was packed, we started the show. Emil Zimmerman, the blond giant from Canada, opened the show singing and playing the guitar. Soon everyone

was singing with him. Emil was quite a character. Once, as part of the luau, he ate celery using his toes as fingers. It sounds grotesque and I mention it only to give you an idea how unique the shows were.

Don Sargent, the singing sandal-maker, came on next, and I accompanied him on the maracas, beginning my gypsy dance.

We were followed by two girls, one of them a former professional ice skater with the Holiday on Ice show and the other an attractive artist. They danced a lovely hula. The artist's name was Joyce Wheeler, and she deserves special credit because she not only had to dance on Saturdays, she also was my full-time cook. She prepared many of the dishes at home during the day and at night battled to keep up with the orders with only two small hibachis to cook on.

After the hula, I went back on stage and everybody joined me, making as much musical noise as possible. It was quite a show.

At the same time, everyone was eating good sandwiches and drinking carrot or papaya juice, or eating heaping portions of our famous soy bean casserole, or another of our health-packed dishes. This is where my second motto came in. I said the food and drink came "from tree to you." This meant the food was always fresh and stuffed with energy and vitamins.

Even today I am asked for recipes of some of the dishes we served in the hut. So here are a few of the most popular.

LENTIL-PARSLEY SOUP

- ½ lb. dried lentils
- 1 yellow onion
- ½ bunch parsley

- 1 small potato
- 2 lbs. soy oil
- 1 tbs. basil
- 2 tbs. vegetable salt
- 1 medium carrot

Pour cold water over lentils (about one inch above lentils) and cook until very soft. Add more water if necessary. In another large pan boil about 3 cups of water and add chopped onion, and finely chopped parsley, diced potato, diced carrot and salt. Allow these to simmer about one-half hour. When lentils are very soft, mash them into a thick paste to use as the soup base. Use some of the vegetable water to thin enough so that they can be added to the vegetables without lumping. Add basil, soy oil and more salt if needed and simmer for 15 minutes.

BAKED SOY BEAN CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. dried soy beans
- 4 fresh tomatoes
- 2 yellow onions
- 2 tbs. safflower oil
- 2 tbs. vegetable salt
- 1 tbs. thyme
- ¾ cup ricotta cheese
- 4 or 5 thin slices cheddar cheese

Soak soy beans overnight and cook in large pot 3 or 4 hours—until tender. (If a pressure cooker is preferred, they usually can be cooked in about one half-hour.) Chop onions and cover with oil and place in a flat pan under broiler a few minutes until browned. Cut tomatoes in small chunks, being sure to save all the juice. Drain cooked beans and place in greased casserole or earthenware bean pot. Add tomatoes and their juice, sauteed onions, safflower oil, salt, thyme and ricotta cheese (cut into small pieces), then mix. Bake in medium oven for about one hour. During last 5 or 10 minutes add slices of cheddar cheese over top.

BUCKWHEAT ORIENTALE

- 2 cups water
- 1 cup buckwheat groats
- 1 medium yellow onion
- 1 tbs. soy oil
- ¾ cup bean sprouts
- ¾ cup chopped celery (leafy tops)
- 1 tsp. vegetable salt

Boil water in saucepan until bubbling. Slowly pour in buckwheat groats while stirring. Put on lid and turn fire to simmer for 10 or 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove lid and add chopped onion and celery, bean sprouts, oil and salt. Stir these in quickly and replace lid as fast as possible. Turn fire off and allow to steam for 15 minutes.

BAKED WILD RICE (With Mushrooms)

- 4 cups water
- 1 cup wild rice
- 1 cup long grain
brown rice
- 8 medium mushrooms
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped
ripe olives
- 1 medium yellow onion
- 3 tbs. safflower oil
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raw cheddar cheese
(cut in small pieces)
- 2 tbs. vegetable salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ chopped green pepper

Pour boiling water in large baking dish or casserole. Add wild rice, and brown rice, stirring in well. Cover and place in oven at about 375°. Let bake for 25 minutes to 30 minutes or until rice is barely done. Add chopped mushrooms, olives, chopped onion, green pepper, cheddar cheese, oil and salt. Stir and mix in well. Cover and allow to continue baking for another 20 minutes at 350°.

We also served many healthy sandwiches, using whole wheat (stone ground) or soya bread. A sandwich we featured was called a "Moonshine Which." This was made on soya bread and included avocado, lettuce, swiss cheese, tomato and angel greens. With many of our sandwiches we are offered a special relish.

CRANBERRY RELISH

Wash cranberries thoroughly, put through food chopper, using medium fine cutter. Mix this with half as much mashed banana (they should be fully ripe). Sweeten mixture with a small amount of clover honey and beat well. Allow to stand for a half-hour.

The hut was a marvelous place—a Hollywood institution. I say that not because stars came there, but because it was one of the first health food restaurants in town. Today there are dozens of them in Hollywood, and not one is anything like mine.

We had art shows, weight-lifting exhibitions, and sing-alongs (way before Mitch Miller). The rule was anything goes, so long as the food was good and the customers had some fun.

CHAPTER 9

HOUSE CALLS AND SPOTLIGHTS

When the hut closed (I gave away more than I sold and the landlord said I was making too much noise), I became a kind of goofy fruit peddler. I had made a lot of friends in the three years Lois and I ran the hut and one of them, Richard Alcala, a Beverly Hills hair stylist, asked me if I'd like to stop by at his shop on Saturdays and sell sandwiches and juices to his customers.

For the next year I rattled along the avenues of Beverly Hills in my beat-up station wagon delivering fruits and vegetables. Soon most of the better beauty salons and men's fancy barber shops were on my route and I was busy six days a week.

Saturdays I would take my boys with me—Zander, which is my own abbreviation of Alexander, and Daniel. All of us had long hair and I wore the usual sandals, shorts and open shirt. With my untrimmed beard and the huge baskets of food I carried, and the two boys tagging along with bottles of apple and carrot juice, we made quite a sight. I've been told of some of the women bought my sandwiches and fruit because I frightened them, although that was not what I wanted. I was just an ordinary fellow who happened to have a beard and long hair, and when I talked I had so much enthusiasm I sometimes shouted and jumped around.

Richard Alcala introduced me to many of his famous customers—Nancy Sinatra, Norma Shearer, Joan Collins, Jean Simmons, Rita Hayworth and Natalie Wood, among them. At Jay Sebring's place (he calls himself a hair

stylist and I guess he is because he charges at least \$15 for a haircut) I sold food to many of the male stars. Tommy Sands, Cliff Robertson and Robert Stack were only three who bought my nuts and juices.

I mention these film personalities because I want to impress on you how much these people care about their health. If they lose their health, they will lose their jobs. If they do not feel their best, they will not look their best. Their professional, and personal, life suffers. The same thing can happen to all of us.

It was at Jay Sebring's that I was "discovered" by "The Steve Allen Show." I guess that was my first really big break. I had worked with Spike Jones and had appeared on a few television shows. But it was with Steve I found a regular outlet for my philosophy. It was on "The Steve Allen Show" I had a chance to tell many of my secrets of health and happiness.

I had been visiting Jay's for some time when Steve started his recent late-night show. Jay was Steve's barber and when Steve was getting a haircut one day, Jay told him about me. Jay thought Steve might be interested in having me as a guest on his show.

"Sounds great," Steve said. "Next time you see him, tell him to stop by at the theater."

I didn't know it, but about the same time one of Steve's writers had seen me at Jay's, too. The writer, Jerry Hopkins, was there interviewing Jay because Jay had been scheduled to cut Steve's hair while Steve played the piano the following week. Jerry bought some apple juice from me and less than a week later he was interviewing me for the show.

When I met him I was carrying a basket of oranges

and apples. It was on a Saturday and the theater was empty.

"Tell me about yourself," he said.

For the next hour I talked about why I thought my way of life was the only way. I showed him a menu from my health hut and gave him some fruit and juice. Jerry treated me as if I were "normal." I don't think I'm not, but he was one of the first people who didn't ask me why the beard or long hair.

A week later I made my noisy entrance. Steve had introduced me as "the goodwill ambassador of health and happiness." This is what Lois and I called ourselves when we ran the hut. And as soon as I heard my name, I leaped on-stage, shouting my greeting.

"Hello, Steve Allen! It sure is good to see you! Boy, am I going to get you healthy!"

Steve looked at me as if someone had played a joke on him. We hadn't met until that moment and I don't think he honestly knew what to think.

I dropped my basket of food at his feet and told him to plug in the blender. Then I started peeling bananas. I pushed the fruit into the blender and added a little of everything I could find in my basket. As I did this, I identified the ingredients and told Steve how each one of them would help him find health and happiness.

"But I am happy!" he protested. "I am healthy!"

"Well, if you think you're healthy now," I said, "wait until I get finished with you."

Steve just looked at me. "That's what I'm worried about," he said.

I asked Steve to watch the blender. I had a poem to recite:

I'ma the Gypsy Boots.
I eat the lotsa fruits.
I live in a hut,
I feel like a nut,
I'ma the Gypsy Boots.
I squeeze the grape.
I drink the juice.
I eat the prune.
I'm on the loose.
I'ma the Gypsy Boots!

When I'd finished the poem, I urged Steve to drink some of the fruit blend. He looked at me strangely again, but he gulped a lot of it down.

"There!" I said. "Don't you feel better?"

"No."

"Don't worry. You will. Keep drinking."

Steve said he was kidding and finished the blend. The studio audience seemed to like what I was doing, so I gave Steve even more to eat and drink. When the show was coming to a close, Steve asked me to come back the next night.

After that I was booked, with my vegetables and fruits and nuts, every month or so for two years. I don't know how many times Steve had me on his show, but I do know that I had fun every time. I think he did, too.

Usually I just tried to get Steve healthy. (He is, by the way, one of the healthiest men in Hollywood. He eats fruit all the time, exercises fairly regularly, and gets eight to eleven hours sleep each night.) I fed him lots of food—dates, nuts, alfalfa sprout sandwiches, carrot juice, everything you can imagine, and probably a few things you can't imagine, things I dreamed up overnight.

Only once did he refuse to eat something I gave him. It was a special health drink I mixed, throwing everything into the blender I could find on his stage. Steve

said he couldn't drink it because of the color. It was gray.

I did a lot of running around and yelling on Steve's show, but underneath it all was a serious effort to promote health.

I remember one time I stretched out on a bed of rusty nails. Still another time I jumped up and down on sharp rocks in my bare feet. I don't recommend this for anyone who hasn't trained for it and I do it only to prove the body is a lot tougher than we think it is—if we take care of it.

Christmastime on Steve's show I helped him decorate a tree. It was a skinny tree I brought with me. It had very few branches and even those didn't have many needles. I like to think this tree represented many people we see around us. They may not be as beautiful as movie stars, but they are no less worth having around us. All people are good—or can be—and good looks have nothing to do with it.

I think the decorations I placed on the tree are interesting, too. Steve and I used what I described as "United Nations vegetables." Strings of *daikon*, long white radishes from Japan, were hung from branch to branch. Individual ornaments were Jerusalem artichokes (which really are Arabian); kiwi fruit from New Zealand; *dungua*, a kind of Chinese watermelon; and several kinds of Mexican peppers. It was an unusual Christmas tree, but a tree that meant a lot to me.

Once on the show I ate flowers. It sounds ludicrous but I did it to show there is little in nature that will hurt you. I did a lot of crazy things on that show. I milked a goat. I demonstrated comedy diving in a neighbor-

hood swimming pool. I taught Steve how to play "nature tennis." (That means you do a lot of deep breathing, which of course isn't unusual if you haven't played recently.) I staged a wild dance, ending it with a swan dive into one of the theater aisles. I had Steve beat a Chinese gong as I stood on my head and sang. And always I had an original poem to recite.

MOTHER NATURE

I went to Mother Nature with a yearning in my heart.
I went to Mother Nature for a brand new start.
I gently laid my body down beneath an old fig tree.
Beautiful thoughts and dreams began to rise in me.

IT'S GREAT TO BE LIVING

It's great to be living.
It's greater to be giving.
It's great to be born, it's great to be free.
It's great to live under a big date tree.
It's great to be Greek, or Irish, or Jew.
It's great to be living with the red, white and blue.
But the greatest of all is God's plan.
That is to live with your fellow man.

I FEEL SO FINE

I feel so fine, I feel so great,
So let me go open up that gate.
I just have had a tremendous date
With a glass of milk and a soy bean cake.
All my muscles are strong and loose,
Because I drink lots of mango juice.
For scorns and frowns I have no use,
'Cause I feel wild as a goose.
Life is a game of take and give.
The world is my brother and I love to live.
So what's this living really worth,
If there isn't any peace on earth?

The poetry wasn't very good, I admit. But I think my message was clear.

My reception on Steve's show was greater than anything I could have imagined. I suppose it was like the reception I got in San Francisco when I worked in that

night club, except that in the theater there was no bar to run to. The audiences didn't know what to make of me, but they seemed to like my "act."

Now I was fortunate enough to have a national audience. People began to write me letters. Young people in 25 cities started Gypsy Boots fan clubs. The club in Beverly Hills, in fact, even picketed the Steve Allen Theater when they thought I wasn't appearing often enough.

Many of the letter-writers wanted pictures, and almost every one of them asked the same question: "How do you stay so young?" How do you answer this in a letter? You can't. I guess that's another reason for this book.

I owe a lot to Steve Allen. Because of him I picked up a national following. I know these people liked my foolishness, but I think they also liked what I had to say. I was selling health, not myself.

At the same time I was making monthly appearances with Steve, I continued to peddle my health foods. By now my route included private homes as well as the beauty salons and barber shops. I sold a lot of fresh fruit and vegetables, but the really big seller was the coffee cake.

SOYA-RICE FLOUR COFFEE CAKE

- ½ cup soya flour
- 1½ cups brown rice flour
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- 4 tbs. brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tbs. vanilla

Beat eggs and milk together. Combine dry ingredients and add to egg and milk. Add vanilla. Bake in flat pan at 350° for about 35 minutes.

All of my customers seemed to like my homemade dark bread, too. This was one of the many things I took Steve Allen. Because it was so popular, the recipe is here.

RYE BREAD

- 2 cups milk
- 1 tbs. soy oil or butter
- 4½ cups rye flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 yeast cake

Heat milk to simmering, pour over shortening in bowl and add salt. When luke warm, dissolve yeast in mixture. Sift rye flour, measure and resift into above. Add just enough flour to make a stiff dough. Stir for about five minutes. Cover with a towel and let rise for about two hours in a warm place. Punch down and turn onto a board lightly dusted with rye flour. Knead 10 minutes until dough becomes springy. Shape into loaves, cover with towel and let rise until dough begins to lift towel. Place in preheated oven and bake at 300° for 1½ hours with a pan of hot water placed on shelf directly beneath pans of bread.

In a later chapter I will talk more about desserts. Many people think vegetarians and "health faddists" never eat dessert. This isn't true. Most of the dessert recipes I will give you later, but here are two kinds of cookies I sold from door-to-door.

CAROB COOKIES

- 1½ cups brown sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 2½ cups whole wheat pastry flour
- 3 tbs. carob powder
- ½ cup nut meats
- 1 egg
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- ½ cup milk
- ½ tsp. vanilla

Cream and blend sugar and butter. Beat in the egg and vanilla. Sift flour, carob powder, salt and bak-

ing powder and add alternately with milk. Add nut meats. Shape into long rolls and wrap in waxed paper. Leave in refrigerator overnight. Cut off thin slices and bake about 15 or 20 minutes at 350°.

SESAME SEED COOKIES

- 1 cup hulled sesame seeds
- ½ cup coconut
- 2 cups unbleached white flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. baking soda
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ cup soy oil or butter
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Lightly toast sesame seed and shredded coconut under broiler until light brown. Sift flour, baking powder, soda and salt together. Cream shortening with brown sugar, add egg, vanilla, toasted sesame seed and coconut. Beat well and blend in dry ingredients. Shape in balls. Place on cookie sheet, flatten with fork. Bake at 350° for 10 or 15 minutes.

These cookies along with organic fruits and vegetables, I still deliver to a few homes in Beverly Hills and Hollywood. As my route doesn't extend beyond the Los Angeles city limits, though, this means you will have to do your own shopping. In a later chapter, with the help of my wife, I will offer some shopping suggestions.

Before I end *this* chapter, though, I have to say something about some of the customers I served in those days—many of them famous actors, who know it is important to keep in shape by eating the proper foods.

One was Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., who is an excellent tennis player, and another was Don Murray, a top basketball player and one of the regulars at my Health Hut luaus. I delivered a lot of fruit and vegetables to those two, and now I am delivering my energy bars.

A third actor's home on my route was that of Kirk Douglas. Kirk is in my opinion a fine example of good clean living, a rugged individual. The roles he plays in movies show this to be true. Believe me, he lives the same sort of healthy, athletic life off-camera as well as on-camera.

I've played tennis with Kirk at his home in Beverly Hills, and often I've played tennis with his son Mike. Like his dad, Mike is a good athlete, too—a fine swimmer, football player and football star in college at Santa Barbara.

It's like I said before, good looks, good health and success all go with good eating.

CHAPTER 10

ON THE ROAD, WITH HEALTH

For a period of three and a half weeks I had to neglect my regular customers, as I joined a "Hollywood Hootenanny" on a cross-country singing tour.

That's right—me, a singer! And I was getting paid for it.

As I've said, I haven't got much of a voice. But with two other boys who did have voices, we didn't sound too bad. Their names were Rovin Grove, an Ohio boy who had a Masters degree in philosophy, and Tumbleweed Tom, who was from Missouri and recently had been a street-singer in Paris.

We met one night in the King Neptune, a coffee house near Los Angeles City College. We all had beards and after talking a while, we decided to become a trio. What was the name we selected? Of course. Gypsy Boots and His Hairy Hoots!

A few weeks later, after long hours of rehearsal, we were on the way, heading for the deep South. The "Hollywood Hootenanny" was to appear in concert 42 times in eight states and was sponsored by Larry Goldblatt and Ken Raphael of National Talent Consultants.

In many ways the trip was similar to my tour years before with Spike Jones. I may have been leaving home base—Los Angeles—but I wasn't leaving health behind.

My wife and boys accompanied me to where the bus was parked and helped me load my equipment. Tom and Rovin Grove were guitar players and except for some luggage, that's all they had. I was playing gut bucket bass in the trio, but that was just the beginning of what

I carried into the bus.

Besides the gut bucket and my clothing, I was taking a football so I could keep in shape during the frequent stopovers, and dozens of crates and bags of food. I had boxes of apples, oranges and tangerines, bottles of carrot juice and fresh mountain water, sacks of nuts and raisins. I had a lot of help loading everything into the bus, and I needed it.

What I needed most when we were loading up was the right attitude from others who were going to be with me on the tour. And I couldn't have asked for a nicer bunch. They laughed a lot when they saw how much I was taking along, but they also helped me get it all settled.

"Hey, Gypsy," one called, "this is only a 25-day tour. You look like you're ready for two years on the road."

"Don't you know there are restaurants where we're going?" said another.

I explained that I didn't always eat in restaurants, telling the boys about Gloria Swanson: "I'm particular about what I eat."

"Well, this may come as a shock to you," one of the singers said, "but I'm willing to bet you might even find a grocery store in one of the cities we visit."

I laughed and said I knew that. But I wanted to be sure I'd have the right kind of food between stops. This is something I've always believed in: The right kind of food at all times. It has to be fresh, and it has to be organic.

Thankfully, it was a large bus, and I had all the room I wanted. I spread everything out in the back of the bus and it was from this position that I began collecting

"converts" to the health food way of life. Many of the singers and musicians on the tour didn't really much care how or what they ate when we started the trip, but when we returned to Hollywood there were several "true believers."

One of my biggest "disciples" was Karl Berg of the Yachtsmen Quartet. He was a little unhappy about being overweight and readily accepted my diet when I told him he'd lose a few pounds if he did.

Others on the tour included the Villagers, Chloe Marsh, the Pine Valley Boys, the Wellynbrook Singers, Jim and Jean, Peter Evans, and Yvan.

It's really not very difficult to stay in shape while travelling. Several newspaperwriters touched on how I made health a part of the hootenanny tour. One was Edwin Pope in Miami.

He had been talking in his column about some professional football players. Then he said, "There'll be another passer of note on the scene Sunday when the Hollywood Hootenanny show takes over Dade County Auditorium. Gypsy Boots used to give passing and punting exhibitions at halftime of San Francisco 49ers games. Now his act is Gypsy Boots and His Hairy Hoots, singing, gut-bucketing and general merriment."

"He's a bearded one-time nature boy who always slept outdoors until, he complains, 'they started putting us up in these fancy hotels, with telephones and things like that.' Ol' Gyp hasn't completely given up the sporting life, however. Carries his football with him wherever he goes, keeps his fellow hootenanneers loose on bus-rides by playing catch at every stop."

We also played touch football during the stops, on

parking lots, alongside the road, or on open fields when we were playing at a college campus. And during the overnight stops at motels that had swimming pools, we'd swim as many laps as we could.

At the same time, I was eating the fruit and vegetables as fast as I could, getting some help from the others on the tour.

Travelling in the South I ran into some troubles. It was hot and some of my precious food spoiled. This gave the back of the bus an odor all its own. It also caused some of my companions to suggest I replace some of my foods.

Usually I would buy a good supply of whatever food was special in that area. When we were in Miami, I bought a few boxes of pink grapefruit, and when we were in Key West I loaded up with coconuts. In Georgia I bought peaches. In Louisiana I bought a sack of pecans. In New Mexico I ate as many homemade Indian tortillas as I could.

Also on the trip I tried a few simple recipes, sharing the dishes with my companions. In Key West, for instance, I opened the coconuts, shredded the coconut meat and mixed the meat with mangoes. This we washed down with coconut milk. And in New Mexico I spread mashed, ripe avocado on the tortillas, sprinkling this with garlic powder.

Almost everywhere we went I brewed pots of herb or peppermint tea, and on all the food I ate in restaurants I sprinkled health salt or dulce. The garlic powder, health salt, and dulce (a salt substitute made from a kind of seaweed) I carried in small containers in my pockets.

Every day on the tour we met new people. We ap-

peared in concert on college campuses, in city and county auditoriums, and at several Army, Navy and air bases. Everywhere we were greeted with warmth, applause and affection. They certainly enjoyed the singing.

And the music didn't stop when the concerts stopped. Some of my greatest moments came late at night, after we'd supposedly gone to bed, or while moving from city to city by bus. There were about 25 singers in the tour and always a few would be strumming their guitars and singing. The music made the travelling quite pleasant and made falling asleep at night a joy.

I enjoyed that tour and some day may go on another one. Gypsy Boots and the Hairy Hoots have split up now. After the tour we did some television (Steve Allen was one who invited us to appear) and then went our own ways again.

As I say, I enjoyed the trip, just as I think you can better enjoy your next trip, whether it be a vacation or business that takes you away from home. I don't like to live by too many rules, but there are a few I've developed.

(1) EXERCISE — During the long drives, don't forget to exercise. It's an easy thing to forget in your hurry to reach your destination. And an easier thing to forget on business trips.

For a long time, people have said, "On long drives, make periodic rest stops. Get out and stretch your legs." This much is necessary, because your muscles tighten up when you drive. But it is equally necessary to do more than "stretch your legs." You have to exercise them too.

So take a little walk before turning in at night, and if you are staying where there are swimming facilities,

use them. Light setting up exercises are also good, when you get up first thing in the morning, or just before going to bed.

I mention vacations. It's been said before and it will be said again: Don't try to do too much. I'll let it go at that. Nothing more need be said.

(2) DIET — When I go on a trip, I take almost more food than I need, but that is only because I'd rather have too much than too little. I suggest you take some food with you, too. I don't mean put a few candy bars in your pocket or purse, to nibble "for energy" as you travel. (Unless they are health candy bars.) It is far better to carry, at the very least, some fresh fruit—some apples, oranges, pears, plums, berries, cherries, or grapes.

During the rest stops, avoid the soft drink machines. A drink of water is better for you. So is fruit juice or the juice of a fresh orange, or eating a succulent pear or plum. This will quench your thirst and give you strength as well.

If the trip is a long one, you can do as I did on the hootenanny: Take time to stop at a roadside stand, or look for a neighborhood grocery, and replenish your supply of health foods.

Of course, when you stop at a restaurant to eat, pick and choose your meals carefully. Naturally you cannot duplicate the exact menu you should have at home. But you can come closer than you think by remembering the rules of good eating and asking the waitress for help. Just ask her to substitute another vegetable if you want to avoid the starchier foods. And if the juice or fruit isn't fresh, settle for less; it is far healthier to ignore one course than to accept something less than the best.

Finally, experiment with the dishes considered specialties in the area you visit. Many states are famous for certain foodstuffs. California and Florida, for example, are famous for citrus fruit. When in these states, order fresh orange juice, grapefruit, etc. As often as you can. And anywhere else you go, do the same.

(3) RELAX — Know how to relax. And relax as often as you can. I have given you some clues about relaxation elsewhere in the book.

Don't work or play yourself to sleep each night. Take time to breathe in the good air, to sit quietly, to listen to soothing music (after your light exercises). Music is especially good. Good for the soul, and it guarantees a good night's sleep.

EXERCISE . . . DIET . . . RELAX.

Three essential rules for everyday life no matter where you are, at home or travelling. It is too easy to forget one of these rules when you are moving from place to place, so you have to remember them. If you forget, everything you have accomplished at home where it is simpler to adhere to a health schedule, only will be defeated. And it will take a long time to regain what you lost while traveling.

Your business trips and vacations probably will be less chaotic than my "Hollywood Hootenanny" tour was. But they shouldn't be any less fun. And they shouldn't be any less healthy.

CHAPTER 11

THE PRIMITIVE ATHLETE

I have called this chapter "The Primitive Athlete" because that is the title of a short film in which I was featured some years ago. That film showed the way I like to live.

It started with me waking up after a sleep in Griffith Park in Los Angeles, where I used to spend many nights. I stretched and ate an orange and then was off to play tennis, running for several miles before reaching the court. I believe in exercise and fresh air. And I have always been interested in sports.

When I was 25 years old I travelled for a while with the Clippers, San Francisco's professional football team. Sometimes I served as water boy. Other times I was part of the entertainment at half-time, when I did exhibition kicking—kicking the ball 45 yards in my bare feet. I also threw the ball 50 yards forward and 35 yards backward. I am over 50 now and I can still do the same things.

I am not bragging when I say this. It is nothing to boast about. We should get wiser and stronger as we grow older, not weaker. Unfortunately, too many of us are a little lazy.

Over the years I guess I have tried almost every sport there is. Football has always been my favorite, with tennis a close second, but in the summer of 1963 baseball almost took over. That was when I got mixed up with one of the pitchers for the Los Angeles Angels, Bo Belinsky.

It all started when, according to the Associated Press,

BARE FEET AND GOOD THINGS TO EAT

Bo gave men credit for a four hit, 5-to-3 victory over the New York Yankees. I had called Bo (I had sold fruit and some of my health cakes to his girlfriend of the time, Mamie Van Doren, so I wasn't really calling a stranger) the night before and said, "I've never seen a baseball game, but I'll go tonight with Mamie because I feel very spiritual."

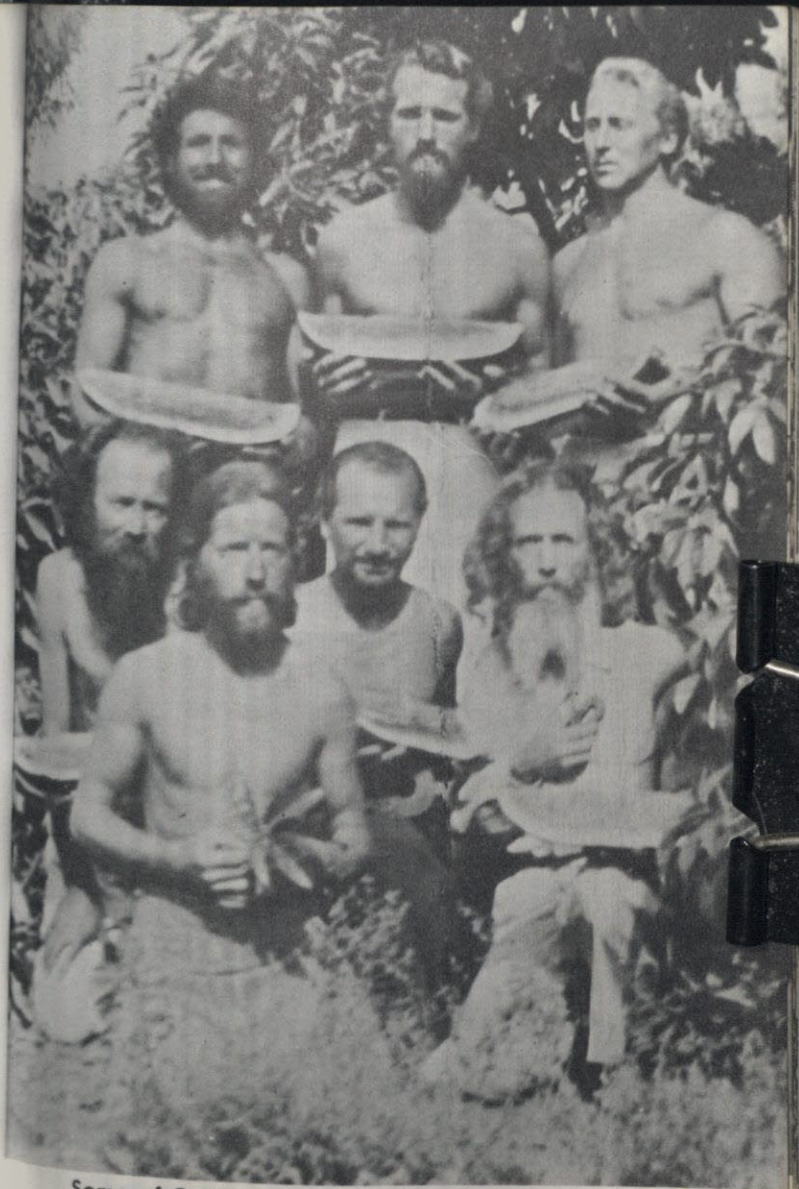
Bo said he wasn't sure what I was talking about, but he didn't object to my offer.

I sat in the dugout box behind home plate with Mamie and the next day Bo told Bud Furillo of *The Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* that I was his good-luck charm. "That Gypsy is my luck," Bo said. "I'm going to take him everywhere with me."

Well, that's the way it read in the newspapers. I distributed oranges to the ball players in the Angels locker room and that night I went out with Bo and Mamie. That was the first time I drank champagne. After 50 years on carrot juice, I drank champagne! I told myself it was grape juice, which it is, really. Even so, I had to squeeze a lot of orange juice into the glass before tasting it.

After that Bo got into some trouble for the way he ran around late at night and for the next few months he wasn't with the Angels, but with a farm team in Hawaii. It is interesting that one of the reasons for Bo's trouble was his refusal to watch his health.

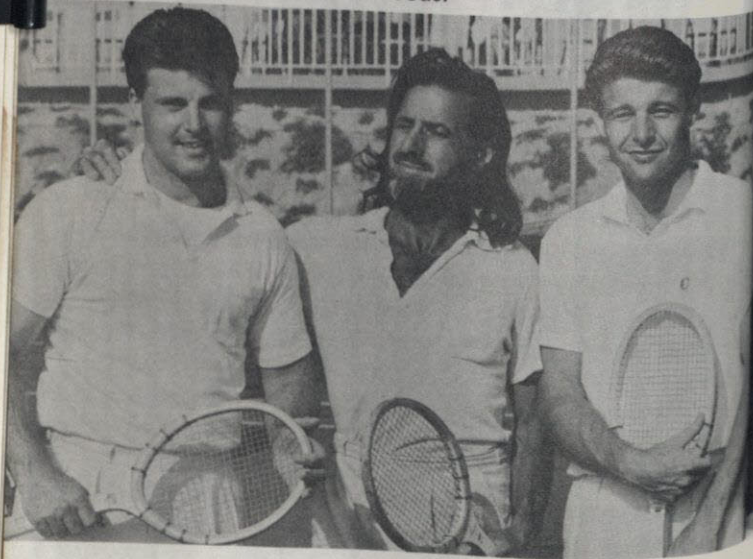
Just as Bo Belinsky suffered because he didn't get enough sleep and didn't take care of himself, you can suffer, too. Probably you could feel a lot better than you do now. Fresh air and exercise, and getting enough sleep, won't solve all your problems, but they will help. So will



Some of California's "nature boys." I am on the left, standing. Eden Ahbez is kneeling, second from left.



My first two customers, Harry Fox, my wonderful uncle. One man who did not give up his health to obtain wealth. He started me on the road to natural living. Burl Ives, congenial, sparkling TV and film personality, who likes live foods.



Two of my tennis partners (and, sometimes, opponents), Ricky and David Nelson.



Another actor I meet on the Beverly Hills tennis courts, Charleton Heston, growing a beard for a movie role.



That's me, a banana tree on my shoulder, standing in front of my health hut. Later the tree was planted on the roof.



Jack Linkletter interviews Lois and me on the patio of my hut for Jack's CBS show "On the Go."

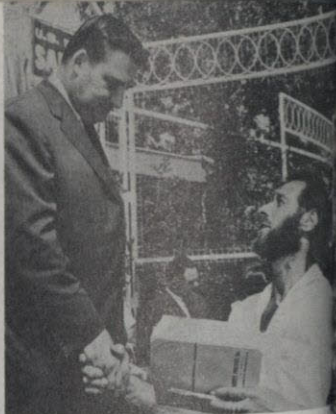


On my left, Stella Cutler. Seated are Indra Devi (left) and Gloria Swanson, at my hut.

BACK TO NATURE HEALTH HUT ORGANIC FRUIT PRODUCE JUICE



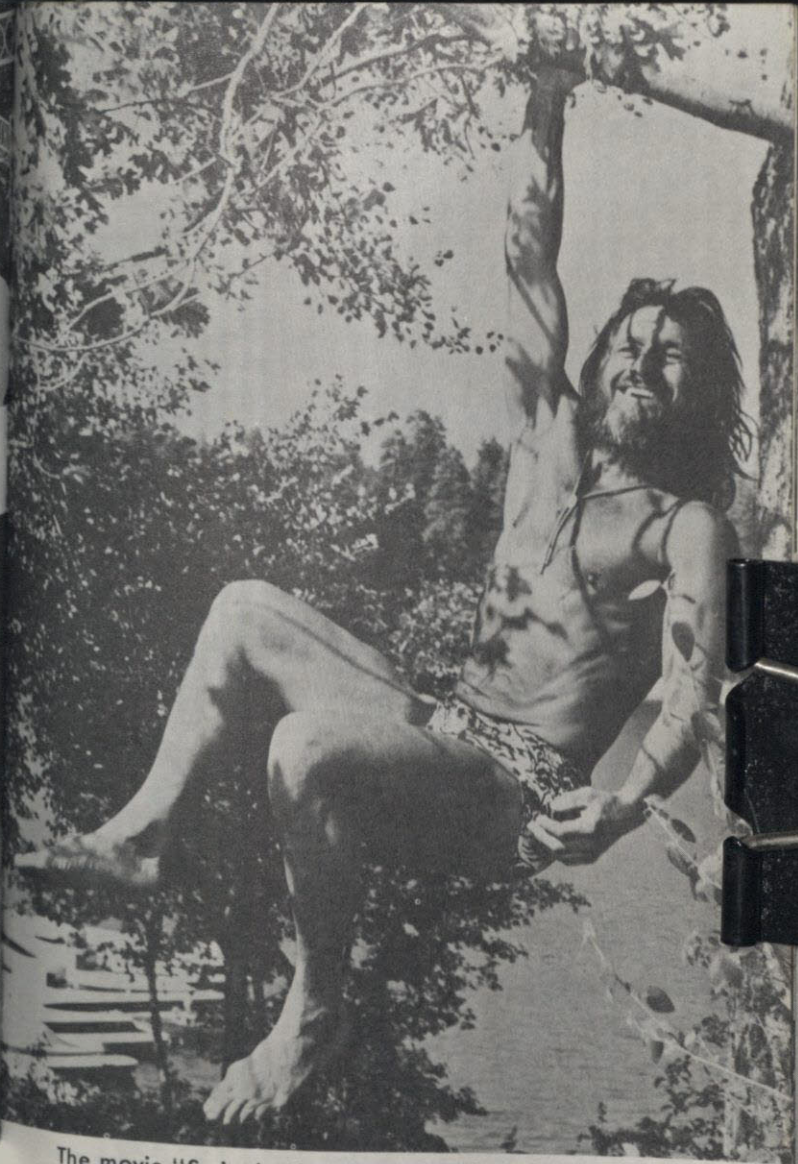
Another shot in front of the hut, with boxer Lou Nova taking a poke at me.



I met Pierre Salinger during his campaign for reelection to the Senate.



It may look like I'm asleep, but I'm not. After all, that's Marlon Brando doing the talking.



The movie "Swinging Summer" took me into the trees again. I appeared in the film with several rock and roll bands. (They stayed away from the trees.)



Recognize this guy? Believe it or not, it's me, and these are pictures I had taken when I foolishly thought I wanted to be an actor.



An apple a day . . . with fellow health enthusiast Lee Marvin, who is in makeup for a new picture.



One of my favorite "39-year-olds," Someone who believes in taking care of himself — Jack Benny.



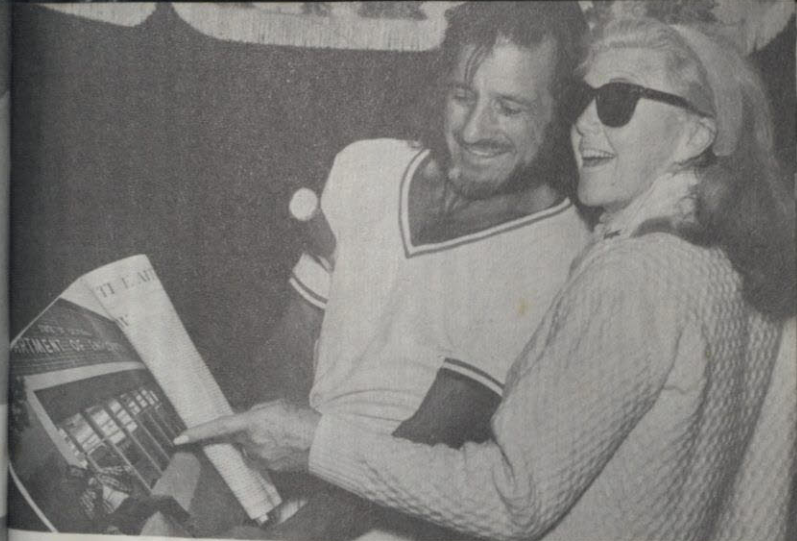
I compare notes on stone-ground whole grain bread with Gilbert Roland.



I offer an apple to syndicated radio and TV interviewer Joe Pyne.



Still another actor who appreciates the health way of life, Paul Newman, with me in his New York apartment.



Tennis with Ginger Rogers, then some talk about an Esquire article that featured me.



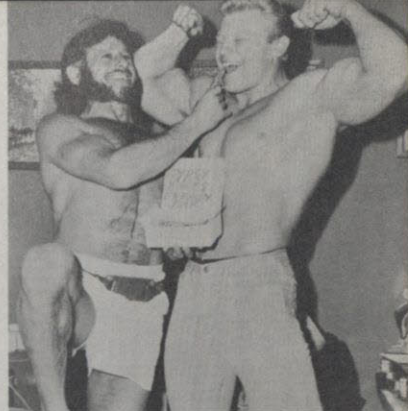
Randy Boone is on my right, with Lois holding Freddie and Daniel standing in front of me.



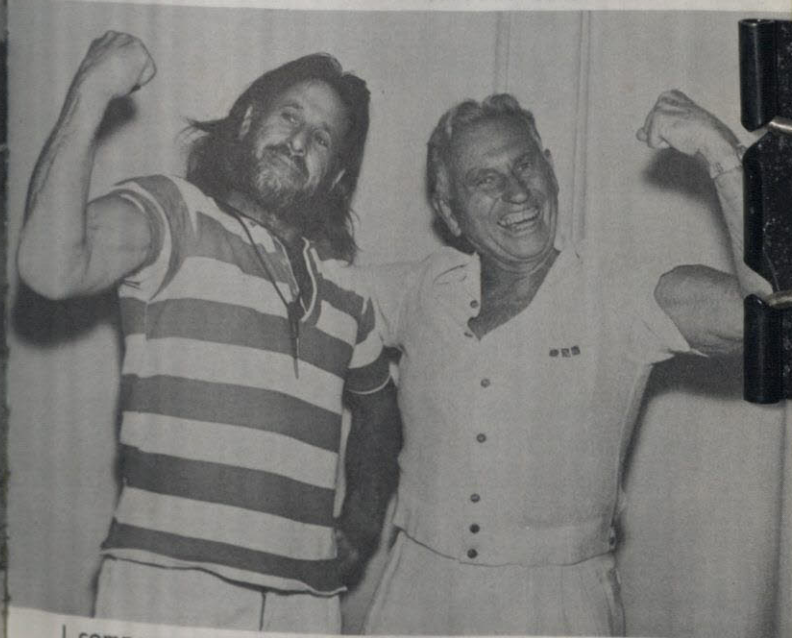
Another action shot from the film "Swinging Summer."
In case you can't tell, I'm the one in the middle -
(Wearing the topless bathing suit.)



I give a Gypsy Boots Energy Bar to musclemán Mickey Hargitay, a former Mr. Universe.



Another California bodybuilder tries my energy bar — Dave Draper, Mr. All-America of 1965.



I compare muscles with one of the world's leading health and body-building authorities, Paul Bragg.



Following a demonstration in comedy diving, I give Steve Allen some fruit and nuts.



Don Sargent (Sandalmaker and Song Writer) wrote a song for me called "Gypsy Boots." Picture taken at "Sandalville" by Leonard Ashmore.



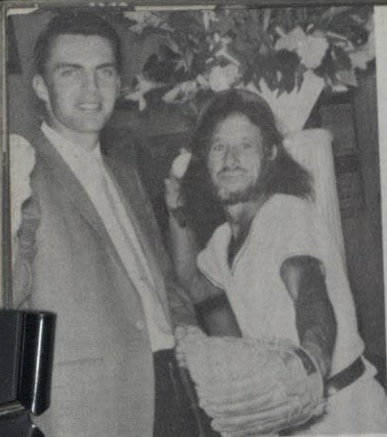
Gypsy Boots and the Hairy Hoots! Steve, of course, is on my left. On the other side are my two hootenanny pals, Rovin' Grove and Tumbleweed Tom.



This is Steve's desk, a place that served as "home base" for his late-night show, and I am delivering more food and talk.



Our 1965 hike for Physical Fitness — Freddie is on my shoulders, Lois is to my right, and to her right is former boxer Lou Nova.



California Angel pitcher Dean Chance and I wind up at a party following an Angels victory.



I don't remember what I offered him, but Dennis Day seems willing to try it.



A family shot, taken in Griffith Park. From my left, Lois, Zander, Daniel and Freddie.



At the Hillsdale Inn, San Mateo, California where Pat Boone, Dennis Day and I taped a show for T.V.



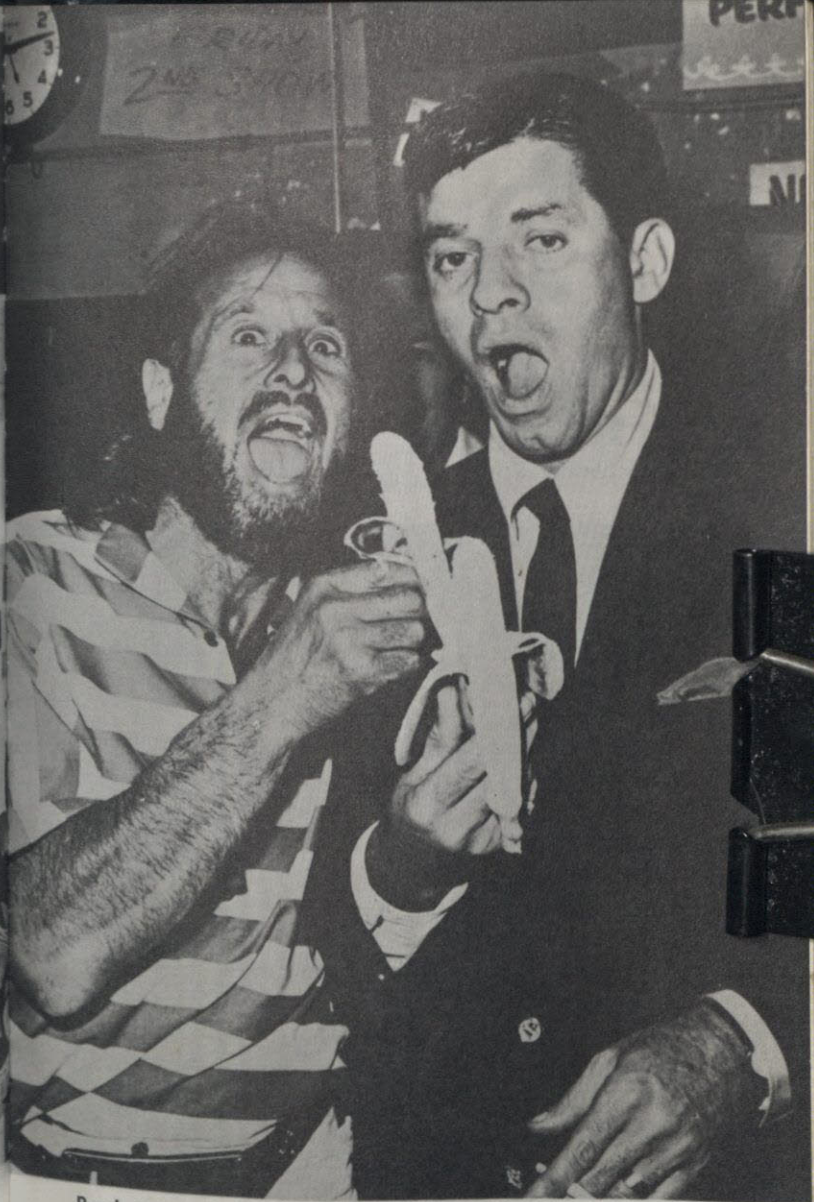
Everett Austin Goodelle, also called "Mr. Sanskrit," makes an assault on a hill with me.



With me here is Beverly Hills socialite Joan Ross, wife of movie producer Frank Ross.



I peddle my organic fruits at the Beverly Hills shop of hair stylist Richard Alcalá, who started me selling foods at beauty salons.



Backstage at the Steve Allen Theatre, eating bananas with Jerry Lewis.



Portrait by Sheldon Schonberg.



Caricature by Daphne Huntington.



This is my "nature watusi," with Sam Riddle on his nationally televised program "Let's Go Go."

THE PRIMITIVE ATHLETE

taking up a sport.

One man who believes this is someone who is seldom recognized as the athlete he is. I'm talking about Gilbert Roland, a fine actor and one of the best tennis players in Hollywood. Only once have I played tennis with him, and let me tell you that he ran me into the ground.

What is so amazing about Gilbert Roland is that he hasn't changed in the more than 30 years he has been a leading man in pictures. In fact, it was 37 years ago when he costarred with Norma Talmadge in "Camille." The sun and the years have added a few lines to his face, but he weighs the same today as he did when he was 21 and he has the same 29-inch waistline. Twenty years ago he was winning tennis championships and he won one again last year.

The reason for this is he plays tennis every morning when he isn't working in a picture, he exercises 40 minutes every morning (work or no work), and he is careful about what he eats.

Besides tennis, he plays polo, badminton and squash. A bicycle stands in the garage next to his automobile and he uses it almost every day. He eats only as much as he needs. "People eat too much," he says. "Why? Keeping in shape is a matter of discipline. I eat in moderation and limit my alcohol intake to two glasses of wine before dinner."

Good food and exercise. It's been the formula for health for Gilbert Roland. Why not you, too?

As this chapter is devoted in large part to athletics, I am now going to tell you how I exercise. I don't expect you to do exactly as I do because some of my exercises have grown out of my experiences in the mountains and

streams. Also, because we all are different, different exercises should be used. Basically, though, you can—or could—exert as much effort as I do, no matter who you are, no matter where you live.

The first thing I do is go outside. I do this in winter as well as summer. Of course, living in southern California makes this more comfortable for me than it might if I lived in many other sections of the country. Even there, I think I would try to go out. Fresh air is an important part of my program and it should be for you, too. If you don't have a yard, as I do, at least open a window or two.

I begin with my breathing exercises, exercises outlined in another chapter. I do the light breathing first—inhaling and exhaling softly through my mouth, and then through my nose. Then I do deep breathing.

The exercises begin with push-ups—as many as I can. When I appeared on the “Tonight” show with Pat Boone, we did push-ups together, each of us doing about 50. Pat believes in health as I do, and this is a number we try for each day. Whatever the goal, though, the important thing is not to strain. I quit when I think it is wise to quit. My object is not to build muscles, but to keep trim.

I follow the push-ups by lying on my back in the clean grass and beginning a series of leg-swings and leg-raises. These are good for the legs, back and stomach. First the leg-swings. I raise my legs straight into the air, forming a right angle with my upper body. Then I lower them to the right and raise them again. Then I lower them to the left. This is done several times with a continuous motion.

Next are the leg-raises. Still I am flat on my back, my

arms outstretched at my side. Slowly I raise my legs, keeping them stiff. I raise them as far as I can, then lower them back again to the grass. Several repetitions of this and I am ready for my next exercise.

Now it is time for me to do knee-bends with weights. I always use rocks for this, holding blocks of concrete or round river rocks on the back of my neck with my hands as I move up and down. It is not necessary to use weights, of course. Deep-knee bends without weights are good, too. Just stand straight with your feet a comfortable distance apart, your hands placed on your hips. Then lower yourself into a squatting position, pushing your hands to the front and holding your arms parallel to the ground to provide balance. Try to squat all the way down, touching your buttocks to your heels. Then go back to the first position, returning your hands to your hips.

I do not go right from one exercise into another. This can be very harmful. You are using some of the same muscles in several of these movements and you should give these muscles a rest. While resting I find it helpful to drink herb tea with honey.

After drinking some tea, I stand straight and bend my body at the waist, first to the right and then to the left. Sometimes my hands are on my hips, sometimes they are at my side. It doesn't make much difference. What I am exercising is my waist, not my arms.

Then I bend down and touch my toes. It is cheating if I bend my knees. Sometimes this is hard at first, but each day it gets easier for you. Pretty soon you will be able to place your hands flat on the floor in front of you.

BARE FEET AND GOOD THINGS TO EAT

I finish this last exercise standing up again. After resting a moment, it is time to jump and stretch. I place my arms at my sides and leap as high as I can, spreading my legs and clapping my hands together over my head, bringing my legs together and returning my hands to my sides as I come down again.

Sometimes I jump up and down in place with a metal doormat or sharp rocks under my feet. I believe in keeping my feet very tough. I don't think you have to do this, though. Unless you want to build up to kicking a football 45 yards while barefooted. And I have to admit there isn't much demand for that these days.

Quite often I return to Griffith Park, where once I slept in trees. Even today I visit the same trees. But now I use low-hanging branches to do my pull-ups. I hang from the branch by my hands, my feet well away from the ground, and pull myself up with my arms until I can touch the limb with my chin. I do this two ways. First I place the palms of my hands away from me, then I turn my hands around and do pull-ups or chin-ups, with my palms turning the other way. It is harder the first way. But it is worth trying. It keeps not only my arms firm, but also my shoulders and back.

Often on a sunny Sunday in the park I find someone to play football with, tossing the ball back and forth, and kicking it. Then I run through the hills, over the roughest terrain I can find.

Everywhere I go I exercise. I take advantage of whatever is handy—in a field, in the trees, or in my home.

You probably have noticed that I have not said how many of each exercise I do. I think you should do what you feel like doing, and maybe a little more, but not

any definite number of repetitions. The important thing is to exercise regularly. Once every couple of weeks or so isn't going to help much at all.

Exercise alone is not enough for me. I also believe in keeping active in at least one sport. I mentioned earlier that tennis is one of my favorites. Football remains first on my list, but there are more tennis courts available than there are football fields. Also, it is easier to find one partner than two teams of eleven.

I've played tennis with some of the best players in Hollywood. I've even been lucky enough to beat a few of them—Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Ty Hardin, Hugh O'Brien. But there were many others who beat me. Gilbert Roland was just one of them. What is important is that you do play. You need the exercise. What is next most important is that you realize you always can try to do better. I know that all too well. Gilbert Roland beat the heck out of me at tennis, and I don't think he'll mind my saying he is older than I am.

Earlier I mentioned Bud Furillo of *The Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*. Once I invited him to join me in a typical daily workout at Griffith Park. He arrived straight from the office and met me at the stream that goes through the Fern Dell section of the park.

"Take off your shoes and socks," I said. "Roll up your pant-legs. Come on, now."

Reluctantly, he did as I told him.

"Now get in the stream with me."

"But Gypsy, it's cold."

"You'll get used to it."

Finally he stepped into the water. He set up a howl. I hadn't told him there were sharp rocks in the stream.

So about a second later he was out of the stream again.

I wasn't finished with Bud yet. I rubbed the bottom of his feet with sand. "This will bring color to your face," I said. And I was right. Pretty soon he got blue. It *was* cold that day.

Next I took him through my deep breathing exercises, and urged him to try some push-ups. After about half an hour, Bud said he'd had enough.

"Don't you feel great?" I said.

"Gypsy," he answered. "I'm afraid I'd rather be sick."

I looked at him, puzzled. Then he began laughing. "If I did this more often," he said, "probably I'd feel better all the time. But next time you get me out here, all right if we skip the stones and the sand?"

One final note about exercise. I do a lot of running and walking. When it is time to go to the store, I drive only when it is necessary. Los Angeles is spread out more than most cities and often driving is unavoidable. But I much prefer to walk.

After all, that is what legs are for. Here in Los Angeles almost no one walks. It is sad that the same thing is happening all over the country.

I never want to look back like a lot of once-famous athletes I know who say, "I used to be able to do this and do that." Even if I have a few gray hairs in my beard, I feel better now than I did when I was 18.

You should feel the same way—and you can, if you really want to.

CHAPTER 12

AN UNUSUAL HIKE FOR PEACE

It was an interesting group that had gathered at the foot of Mt. Hollywood.

I was there, and so were many of my friends, as were many curious strangers. Among my friends there was Everett Austin Goodelle, dressed in a fur cap and bur-lap toga, carrying a walking stick and a handmade Tibetan prayer wheel. Not far from Everett was a woman in a straw hat carrying an easel and sketchpad, a man named Doc with a green parrot on his shoulder, and Jennie Lee, who is president of the Exotique Dancers League of North America, Inc.

My wife was with me, as were my three sons, little Freddie straddling my shoulders. Next to my wife was former boxer Lou Nova. And at least three dozen others stood milling around. We were waiting for 11 a.m., when we were to begin our hike in the cause of world peace.

I was dressed in blue shorts held up with a leather belt. I was barefoot and stripped to the waist for freedom of movement. Mt. Hollywood is not the biggest mountain in the world. It is only 1,750 feet high. But even that is an invigorating climb. And it is smack in the middle of Los Angeles, part of the city's Griffith Park.

Eleven o'clock.

"Get the carrot juice, get the carrot juice!" I shouted. Someone handed me the bottle of juice and I drank some. "Can't make a climb without carrot juice!"

I passed the juice around to others standing nearby, watching them pour it into little paper cups Lois had brought along for just this purpose.

"Here's a toast," I said. "Here's a toast to everyone's health and to peace on earth."

"Peace and happiness."

"Everybody drink."

"Give baby Freddie a shot!"

Then I remembered a nearby stream. "Before we begin our hike," I said, "first we take a mud bath." We ran across the grass of Fern Dell, our starting point, and returning Freddie to the ground, I leaped into the cool water.

"Lois!" I shouted. "Rub mud on my back!"

Lois began rubbing sandy mud and small rocks from the bed of the stream onto my shoulders and back. I splashed water on my face and Jennie Lee dumped a half-gallon of carrot juice over my head.

Then Jennie Lee jumped in, dress and all.

Newspaper photographers snapped pictures of all this, and television cameramen captured it on film. We had solicited as much press coverage as we thought we could get. And for good reason, as I have indicated. It was a publicity hike, but what we were publicizing was physical fitness and world peace.

Of course we weren't the first to demonstrate for health and an end to war. Almost every day I pick up a newspaper and read about individuals and groups who are staging demonstrations. So do you. I like to think I demonstrate my love of humanity every day of my life. But occasionally I feel I must display my beliefs more publicly. Thus, the carrot juice, the mud bath, and the hike up Mt. Hollywood.

I knew this sort of hike would attract a certain amount of attention. You get an interesting group of people

together in the open and announce a noisy, fun-filled assault on a local mountain and naturally the local newspapers and television stations will attend. It makes for colorful reading and viewing.

At the same time, it makes it possible to deliver a kind of message. We were preaching good health and love. This was our way of doing it. I've always believed that no matter how you say something or do something, it is what you are saying or doing that counts. To my way of thinking, our demonstration that day was an entertaining, yet meaningful one.

Right after the mud bath, we began the two-mile climb to the top. I was plastered with water and sand and dripping carrot juice. So were several others on the hike.

"I'm ready for the hills!" I shouted.

"You're not kidding!" someone shouted back.

I put Freddie back on my shoulders and we started off.

I led the way. Everett Goodelle, with "Peace, Peace, Peace," written on the back of his toga in Sanskrit, followed right behind me. Lois was on my right, hiking next to Lou Nova. The others followed along behind.

On the way we sang and talked and joked, passing the carrot juice back and forth. And the photographers lumbered along as best they could.

At the top as many of us as could stood on our heads.

"This is my thirty-ninth climb up Mt. Hollywood," Everett was telling a reporter, Everett's feet on a level with the reporter's face. I don't think Everett will mind me saying he is older than I am, because he is, obviously, in excellent health. He is 65.

BARE FEET AND GOOD THINGS TO EAT

"Everybody stand on their heads for world peace!" I shouted.

"Who's got the carrot juice?"

"Let's sing for peace again!"

We sang a few more songs. Everett chanted a poem of peace in Sanskrit. Count Yogi, another friend who had made the hike, knocked a golf ball into space. Lou Nova recited a selection from Shakespeare. We passed the carrot juice back and forth.

And then we started back down the mountain.

The day's demonstration was concluded at John Di Marco's Italian restaurant on Vermont Avenue near Hollywood Boulevard. John had permitted me to hold several health parties there in the past and he had prepared whole-wheat pizzas and alfalfa sprout sandwiches for our return. And, of course, there was more nourishing carrot juice.

An unusual hike for peace.

Yes, there is no questioning that. But I firmly believe that the more we all make our true feelings known, the sooner peace will come to the world. I think everyone in the world today *does* want peace, and if anyone asked us, we'd say so.

I believe, however, that sometimes we can't wait for someone to ask. We have to demonstrate publicly. And no matter how much the demonstration may seem like a publicity stunt, so long as you are sincere the demonstration is genuine.

At the party at John Di Marco's I said I would be making other hikes for health and world peace. And I will. I hope you, too, will be demonstrating in your own way.

AN UNUSUAL HIKE FOR PEACE

Just remember, you don't need a Tibetan prayer wheel, a local mountain, or a mud bath. All you need is a sincere belief.

This isn't the end of my demonstrating, but it is the end of my speech.

Let's all drink to that! Let's all drink some carrot juice.

CHAPTER 13

HEALTH FOR GROWING CHILDREN

As I have said, my wife Lois and I have three boys—Alexander, now nearing teen-age, Daniel, who is just beginning school, and little Frederick, now two and one-half. I am going to let Lois tell you how we take care of our hungry boys, but first I want to say something about being a vegetarian.

You will notice in what Lois has to say that there is never any mention of meat. (Nor has there been any meat or fish included in other recipes in this book.) The reason is that ours is a vegetarian family. We do not say you should give up meats. We ask only that you watch what you eat and the way in which it is prepared.

The snacks and recipes here have no meat because we believe meat is not necessary. Not necessary for adults. Not necessary for growing children. We believe it is possible, and preferable, for youngsters to find their protein and calcium in dairy products, whole grains, sesame and sunflower seeds and brewer's yeast.

So much for a defense of vegetarianism, although I didn't mean it to sound that way. Now I'll let Lois tell you how she feeds our boys.

Nutrition and Simplicity

By Lois Boots

In feeding my children I am constantly striving for two things — maximum nutrition and simplicity. I think it is neither necessary nor wise to put a half dozen items before a child and expect him to have a dab of this and a dab of that. When children are eating something truly nutritious, I feel they should eat an appreciable amount

HEALTH FOR GROWING CHILDREN

of it at one time. There is never any problem of selection this way, since they seldom have more than two or three varieties of food put before them at one meal.

However, I do try never to repeat the menu of the boys' evening meal within a week's time. In this respect I do think variety is important. The one exception to this is the raw carrot juice the boys have practically every day.

Another rule I have is never more than one starch on the table at the same time. For instance, bread and potatoes at the same meal is taboo. Also we try to encourage the children to eat extra large portions of greens or leafy vegetables whenever they are eating goodly amounts of starchy food. When I make them a sandwich of whole wheat bread, whether it contains nut butter, cheese, or egg salad, I always make sure it is loaded with alfalfa sprouts. Lettuce is equally good, of course; we merely prefer the sprouts.

BREAKFAST: Generally, breakfast for the boys consists of citrus fruit—tangerines, an orange, or half a grapefruit. This is followed by a large bowl of raw rolled oats mixed with several tablespoons of raw wheat germ. Over this they have milk, honey and sliced banana. Sometimes they add to this either apple chunks, raisins or sunflower seeds.

Often in the summer when they do not need so much "fuel" food, their breakfast will consist of a variety of fruits with nuts. They especially like apples and pecans, or oranges and filberts. And during the "fruit season," the boys like a dish of fresh apricots or figs, a handful of crisp raw almonds, and a glass of raw milk.

LUNCH: This may be a bowl of alfalfa sprouts with

chunks of raw cheddar, jack or Swiss cheese. Or, a dish of sliced fruit with yogurt and honey. A third choice is a serving of grated carrots topped with a dressing of nut butter and safflower or soya oil.

Still another favorite lunch is a very nutritious egg salad sandwich.

EGG SALAD

- 1 egg, hardboiled
- 2 tbs. cottage cheese
- 1 tsp. brewer's yeast powder
- 1 cup chopped watercress
- 1 pinch vegetable salt

Hardboil eggs, allow to cool and chop finely. Mix all ingredients together into thick, almost lumpy paste. This makes enough salad for two or three generous sandwiches.

This I spread thickly on one slice of whole wheat bread and on the other slice I put heaps of alfalfa sprouts. This makes a wonderful protein- and vitamin-packed sandwich, for school or for home.

With the salads or sandwiches, of course, go big glasses of juice or milk.

School lunches are equally simple to prepare. The two older boys love peanut butter and often their lunches include this spread on rye or wheat bread with alfalfa sprouts. They also drink a container of milk and for dessert, eat sunflower seeds or raisins.

DINNER: The meal begins with a glass of fresh carrot juice, a green salad, or fresh raw green peas which the boys remove from the pods as they eat.

The "fuel" food for the evening meal can be any of the following. The preparation of these dishes I think is obvious.

1. Steamed buckwheat groats with raw egg yolk.
2. Brown or wild rice steamed with bean sprouts, milk.
3. Baked potatoes mixed with wheat sprouts.

and butter. (They eat the skins of the potatoes, too. This is a must.)

4. Millet—a grain baked with milk and honey.
5. Shirred eggs made with skimmed milk powder, cottage cheese and brewer's yeast, served with whole wheat toast.
6. Cracked wheat steamed with bean sprouts and chopped watercress.

Some days I also give the boys a steamed vegetable such as beets, corn, or green beans, but since they eat so many raw vegetables, I do not consider this too necessary.

Every evening meal ends with a glass of raw milk and on special occasions, a healthy dessert—fruit or cookies, or one of the treats described in a later chapter.

Besides nutrition, Lois and I are concerned that the boys get the proper rest and the proper amount of exercise.

Zander and Daniel get at least nine hours of sleep each night. Little Freddie will get between nine and ten hours until he is four years old and, of course, has his afternoon naps also. None of the boys sleep with much bedding, though, as their circulation is good and heavy quilts and blankets are not necessary.

Often when I go to the park to do my own exercises I take Lois and the boys with me. (Even Freddie. He needs fresh air too. And he was hiking with us before he was 18 months old.) There, we soak our feet in one of the streams and then race across the grass, play catch with a football or baseball, and do a few light sitting-up exercises. Before beginning our "play," I have the boys drink lots of cool mountain water. They also eat raisins between activities for energy.

Sundays we go for long hikes—starting at the bottom

of the long hill leading to the Griffith Park Observatory. This way we can get plenty of exercise walking and at the end of the uphill climb, enjoy an educational program about the planets and stars.

As with most children, our boys play a lot on their own, running around the house and neighborhood. But if at the end of the day we feel they haven't exercised enough, just before they go to bed I take them for a run around the block.

Similarly, I have developed other methods of giving the boys added exercise. I mentioned in an earlier chapter that in Los Angeles often we are forced to drive because the city is so spread out. Sometimes the boys accompany us on these trips and when we are returning home, I stop the station wagon about two blocks from the house. The boys get out and run the remaining distance.

And when we are travelling some distance and the boys are getting restless, I do the same thing. I stop the car and the boys jump out. Then I drive ahead several hundred yards and let them walk or run to where I have parked. This gives them needed exercise during a day which otherwise would have been a day of sitting. It also breaks the monotony of a long trip.

Sports? Yes. Freddie is too young for sports, really, and Daniel is just reaching an age when sports mean something more than catch in the park. But Zander is totally involved. He has pitched a no-hit baseball game for his Little League team and has won medals in Boys' Club swimming meets.

This is not to say I am raising three little athletes. They are interested in athletics, but they have other in-

terests, too. Zander has played the piano at concerts and plays the drums in the school orchestra. He also has had three years of tap dance instruction. Daniel, meanwhile, has learned dozens of poems and songs and in another year or so will begin his piano lessons. We want all three boys to be able to play at least one musical instrument. We believe this will give them a greater appreciation of finer things.

Actually, Daniel is ahead of his older brother in one area. He appeared twice on "The Steve Allen Show," and thus already has made his professional debut. Once he appeared with me, reciting some of his poems and singing. Steve liked Daniel so much, he later appeared without me, working in a comedy sketch. This—when he was only four!

Proper nutrition, plenty of rest and exercise, and an interest in music, dance and drama. The Boots family lives very modestly, but it is a family that considers itself very rich.

CHAPTER 14

MY SALAD DAYS

Ask someone you meet on the street or ask the waitress the next time you are in a restaurant, "What is the healthiest meal?" Nine times out of ten the answer will be, "A salad is always good for you."

Unfortunately, this is not always true. It depends on *what kind of salad!* A salad is almost a symbol of diet and health, but too often what we think is healthy and calorie-free is not.

Order a salad in the average restaurant and what do you get? If it is tunafish (I don't eat fish, but I mention this because it is a good example), there is very little tuna and a lot of mayonnaise. And no matter what kind of salad you order, chances are you will find mayonnaise, or a thick rich dressing on top of it.

Even at home you probably use a lot of salad dressing. There is nothing wrong with this, of course, depending on *what kind of dressing!* Safflower and soya oils are a little expensive, but well worth the price. (Corn oil and olive oil are good, too.) But mayonnaise and most of the pre-mixed dressings available at the supermarket are never worth the price and seldom worthwhile. Unless of course, it is a safflower, or health food, mayonnaise.

Eating in most restaurants you don't often have any real choice. Usually the offer is: "French, Roquefort or Thousand Islands," which apparently are the three most popular dressings. If I were given this slender choice, I'd ask about the "French." In many restaurants this is olive oil and vinegar. In others it is a commercial preparation rich in calories and poor in vitamins. If, however, the

French dressing is comprised of oil and vinegar, take that one. Forget about the Roquefort and Thousand Islands. The oil and vinegar is far better. Of course, you could settle for no dressing at all. Sadly, almost no one ever thinks of this.

More important than the dressing, though, is the salad itself. Lots of fruit and vegetables. And be sure the food is fresh and raw. A canned fruit cocktail is worthless.

One of my favorite salads is the Health Fruit Salad we served at my health hut.

HEALTH FRUIT SALAD

Into a good-sized salad bowl put $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cubed cantaloupe, then cut up and add one fresh peach, one banana, one small apple (or half a large one), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sliced grapes or strawberries (whichever is in season), half a fresh persimmon, and one small orange. Top this with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of yogurt and one teaspoon of honey. Then sprinkle with a handful of sunflower seeds and shredded pecans.

This is a "complicated" salad. There are a lot of ingredients and it takes a little time to prepare. Most salads do not take much effort at all, once you have done the shopping.

Lois and I try to keep a variety of vegetables and fruits available at all times. This way we have a wide choice of salads at all times, and because the family eats so many salads, nothing ever spoils.

Another salad I like is no more than a mixture of avocado and watercress, topped with lemon juice and some chopped garlic.

Garlic! Probably you are willing to forego this ingredient, but don't sell garlic short. If you think the smell of garlic is strong you ought to compare it with the smell of tobacco burning. I don't smoke and I find the odor

of tobacco far more offensive than the smell of garlic.

In an earlier chapter Lois talked about some of the salads we prepare for our three boys. They can just as easily serve for adults. Here, though, are some more tasty salad recipes. Each recipe serves from two to four, depending on the size of your stomach or appetite.

COCONUT BOWL

- ½ coconut (meat only)
- 4 carrots
- ½ beet
- 1 handful raisins

Remove meat from coconut, saving the milk. Grate coconut, carrots and beet (all should be raw) and mix in salad bowl. Sprinkle raisins over top and pour in about half the milk. Note: Some beets are juicier than others so you may have to add more or less coconut milk or the salad will be too moist.

COLE SLAW

- ¼ head green cabbage
- ¼ head red cabbage
- 1 onion
- ½ lemon
- 1 tbs. oil
- 1 pinch salt

The cabbage (raw) is grated and the onion is shredded. This is mixed and topped with the juice of the lemon, the oil (corn, soya, olive or safflower) and the salt. Sliced tomato can be added for a healthy decoration.

HERB SALAD

- 1 cup watercress
- Few mint leaves
- Sprig parsley
- ¼ lemon
- 1 tsp. oil
- 1 avocado

Mix watercress, chopping if necessary, with mint leaves and parsley. This is topped with an avocado dressing, which is made by mashing the fresh avocado with the lemon juice and soya, safflower, olive or corn oil.

NUT-CELERY SALAD

- 12 walnuts
- ½ stalk celery
- ½ onion
- ½ bunch parsley

All ingredients are put through a meat or nut grinder or very finely chopped and mixed. Be sure to include the celery greens. Serve raw without a dressing.

These are "fancy" salads. There are, of course, much simpler salads to make, and any of them as good as these. Lettuce, tomatoes, celery, carrots, radishes, watercress, bean and alfalfa sprouts—any of these foods can be sliced or diced or shredded and combined for a first-rate salad. So can raw beets, green and red cabbage, bell pepper, garlic, zucchini and mushrooms.

And what dressing do I use? The good oils, or none at all. The vegetables themselves provide rich juices enough more often than not.

CHAPTER 15

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE TO DRINK?

I said in another chapter that I do not drink, that only once did I fall off the health wagon and that was when Bo Belinsky insisted I drink some champagne.

I am not a prohibitionist. If people want to drink, fine. In many cases, physicians suggest an occasional drink—a beer to supplement a diet for someone wanting to gain weight, a brandy or a highball for some people with heart trouble. But every doctor in the world will agree when I say if you drink, drink as you should—moderately.

My reasons for not drinking are good ones. I don't need it, I don't think I'd care for it, and I don't believe it would do my health any good.

I don't drink alcoholic beverages, that is. Ruling out liquor, wine and beer, I do a lot of drinking.

Each morning I drink a lot of tea and water. Every day I have at least one glass of raw carrot juice. I drink a lot of apple cider. Fruit and vegetable juices and milk come with my meals and between meals. Before going to bed I drink again.

Over the years my wife and I have experimented with a number of health drinks. The high-protein drink we served in our health hut was one. Here are two others, both of them easy to make.

ALFALFA-MINT TEA

- ½ tsp. crumpled, sun-dried alfalfa leaves
- ½ tsp. crumpled, sun-dried mint leaves

Pour one cup boiling water over above ingredients. Cover and let stand 3 to 5 minutes. If preferred sweeter, add 1 tsp. natural honey.

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE TO DRINK?

HERBADE

- 1 tsp. sun-dried crushed mint
- 1 tsp. sun-dried crushed celery tops
- 1 tsp. sun-dried crushed beet tops
- 2 cups warm water

Soak the dried leaves in water for several hours and strain. Stir in 1 tsp. lemon juice and serve.

You will notice that both these drinks call for foods that grow in nature. Many of the good health drinks do. Another nature tonic, great as an eye-opener in the morning, uses a "weed" we pull from our lawns. This is the lowly dandelion. Stir two teaspoonfuls of dandelion juice (made by crushing the leaves) into a glass of tomato juice.

Here are two more nature drinks.

RHUBARB TONIC DRINK

- ½ cup rhubarb juice
- ½ cup cold water
- 1 tsp. beet juice
- 1 tsp. honey

Make rhubarb juice by grating rhubarb stalks or putting them through a juice extractor. Mix rhubarb and beet juice with water, stir honey in well and serve.

CHLOROPHYLL COCKTAIL

- 1 cup unsweetened pineapple juice
- 1 tsp. chopped raw spinach leaves
- 1 tsp. chopped parsley
- 2 tsp. chopped alfalfa leaves
- ½ tsp. raw wheat germ
- ½ tsp. raisins
- 3 almonds

Liquify all solid ingredients and blend with liquids thoroughly. Chill before serving

Here is a drink that doesn't call for any ingredients you'll find growing in the hills or fields. It is an especially good drink for growing children, a drink rich in protein.

CAROB-YEAST DRINK

- 1 cup milk
- 1 tbs. carob powder
- 1 tbs. skim milk powder
- 1 tsp. brewer's yeast
- 1 raw egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. black strap molasses
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. honey

Mix all ingredients in blender and chill before serving.

Another high-protein, high-energy drink I recommend for children (and adults, of course) is the Hi-Protein Orange Drink.

HI-PROTEIN ORANGE DRINK

- 4 oranges
- 1 egg
- 1 dash of honey

A simple drink— you do no more than squeeze the oranges and add the raw egg and honey, then stir. Serves one.

There are so many ways of mixing fruit juices, I hesitate even to begin suggesting any combinations I have found especially tasty. All are good for you, so long as you drink slowly. Too many people eat and drink too rapidly, forgetting they could enjoy a meal more if they took their time—and give their digestive tracts an easier time of it afterward.

But I will suggest some drink combinations, anyway. Just to get you started. Fresh carrot juice mixed with soy powder is good. So is a combination of ground or shredded dates with goat's milk. Others are lemon, grapefruit and orange juice; alfalfa and mint teas with papaya and strawberry juice; and the juices of soaked prunes, raisins and figs. The last combination is a good laxative drink.

Many drinks are almost full meals in themselves, especially good for those people who insist they can't eat a big breakfast. Actually, a big breakfast isn't necessary, so long as you eat what is needed, so long as what you eat provides enough energy to get you going and keep you going. And believe me, a quick cup of coffee and a piece of pastry isn't what I am talking about.

The next time you oversleep, or for some other reason don't think you have time to prepare breakfast, try a blended drink. Always keep a supply of fresh fruits on hand and with a minimum of other ingredients, in two minutes you can have all the energy you need.

THE MORNING BLEND

- 1 banana
- 1 raw egg
- 1 tsp. honey
- Juice of three oranges
- 1 or 2 tsp. wheat germ

Cut up banana before placing in blender, add all other ingredients and blend for two minutes. Best if the orange juice is cold.

This is just one combination. Any other is equally good. Here, for instance, is a list of the basic liquid ingredients that could go into the blend: milk product, such as yogurt, buttermilk or raw milk; fruit juices, such as pineapple, apple, orange, prune, berry, apricot, pear and papaya; vegetable juices, such as tomato, carrot, beet and celery; and tea.

Food concentrates can be added, too. These include molasses, skim-milk powder, honey, brewer's yeast, wheat germ, carob flour (for a chocolate flavor), rice polishings and sprouts.

Still other solids can be added. All fresh or properly frozen fruits and vegetables are good. So are nuts;

seeds, such as sunflower, sesame and millet; sprouted grains and seeds; and egg yolks.

Switch ingredients on alternating days. Any combination is tasty and full of the get-up-and-go you need, if you make sure to add the honey and wheat germ for energy.

Now—a final word about drinking. I am talking about the basic drink, water.

In my chapter about fasting I said you could stop eating but I said, too, that you could *not* stop drinking water. It's been established you can go for weeks and weeks without food, but seldom any longer than 70 or 80 hours without water. Our bodies contain about 44 quarts of water and we lose three quarts a day through the normal bodily processes. Naturally, this fluid must be replaced.

It does not mean you have to drink three quarts of water a day. Too much water can be as harmful as not enough, diluting the digestive juices and carry many minerals and vitamins out of the body too quickly. How much, then?

In comfortable weather, the average person should drink between six and 10 glasses of liquid daily. Notice I did not say between six and 10 glasses of *water*. Juices contain water. So do many foods. Milk is 87 per cent water. Fresh fruits and vegetables are between 75 and 95 per cent water. So eat the right amount of good food and drink the prescribed amount of liquids, and you will not be dehydrated or weak.

CHAPTER 16

I HAVE A SWEET TOOTH, TOO

When I appeared on Steve Allen's Christmas program, my present to Steve and his staff was a package of Christmas candy. This came as a surprise to many who watched the show. They assumed a vegetarian wouldn't eat candy.

Many people say candy is bad for you. I disagree. But you must not eat very much of it—and when you do eat candy, you should eat the right kind.

There are many sweets and pastries in my diet and all are very nourishing as well as tasty and filling. A few are commercially available. Most in my diet, though, are sweets that are homemade.

Here are four recipes for health candies.

PRUNE DELIGHT

Remove pits from large prunes and stuff with a mixture of ground sesame seed and flaked almonds.

RAISIN-CAROB CONFECTION

- ½ cup raisins
- ½ cup rolled oats
- ¼ cup grated coconut
- 3 tbs. carob powder
- 3 tbs. skimmed milk powder
- 2 or 3 tbs. milk
- 1 tsp. honey

Put raisins and oats through grinder. Blend dry carob powder and skimmed milk powder thoroughly. Add just enough milk to make a thick paste, then blend in honey. Mix this carob paste with the raisin and oat mixture to make little balls. Roll these in the grated coconut.

STUFFED DATES

Remove pits carefully and fill dates with walnut or pecan meat (chopped or whole). Or they can be filled with a coconut and honey mixture.

PECAN PATTIES

Four ounces each of figs, dates, raisins and honey, and two ounces each of walnuts and pecans are needed

Cut figs in pieces, mix dried fruits and nuts thoroughly and run through food chopper. Then add the honey, blending it in well. Roll out. Cut into squares and wrap in wax paper for packaging.

Like any other family, the Boots family enjoys a good dessert. Too often, people say we "health food nuts" don't eat dessert. This is not true. But we do not eat the pastries sold in most bake shops, nor do we dive into gooey ice cream sundaes.

Usually we satisfy ourselves with fruit. This is nature's dessert. But to give the menu variety, we do suggest special pastries. In an earlier chapter you saw some recipes for cookies. Here are other dessert ideas.

BROWN BREAD AND HONEY PUDDING

1 loaf hard rye or whole wheat bread
(homemade preferred)

1 qt. milk
4 medium apples
3 tbs. skim milk powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rolled oats
1 tbs. cinnamon
1 tsp. vegetable salt
3 tbs. honey
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sunflower seeds

Cut bread into slices or chunks and place in flat pan, pouring enough milk over it to cover. Allow to stand until bread becomes soft, adding more milk if necessary. Break bread into very small pieces in large mixing bowl and add 3 apples cut in small chunks. Add skim milk powder, rolled oats, raisins, cinnamon, salt and honey, mixing thoroughly. Peel and cut remaining apple into thin slices and lay half of the slices in the bottom of a greased cake pan (about 12 inches by 9). Pour bread mixture over this, plus any remaining milk. Place rest of apple slices over the top and then sprinkle with sunflower seeds. Bake at 375° for about an hour.

CAROB DATE LOAF

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup safflower margarine
1 cup honey or brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup carob powder
1 tsp. vanilla
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vegetable salt
1 cup whole wheat flour
1 lb. coarsely chopped,
pitted dates
1 lb. chopped walnuts
4 eggs, separated

Place dates and nuts in bowl, cover with sifted flour and salt. Cream honey, margarine, add carob powder and add vanilla and beaten egg yolks. Mix well, then add flour and mix again, adding just a small amount of water if it is too dry. Pour in the stiffly beaten egg whites, then bake in square cake pan well oiled and lined with wax paper. Bake at 350° for about one hour.

One of the desserts we serve at our health hut was a delicious honey and apricot ice cream. This ice cream will taste like no other you've ever had, but you know when you are eating it you are taking in a minimum of calories and a maximum of goodness and taste.

HONEY-APRICOT ICE CREAM

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sun-dried apricots
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint raw (sweet) cream
1 tsp. honey

Soak apricots overnight, then run through a liquifier. Take approximately one cup of the apricot puree and mix with the cream and honey. Run mixture through liquifier and place in the freezer. To insure the ice cream will be creamy when finished, stir every 15 minutes or so the first hour.

All desserts are fine if you are careful what is in them and take the time to prepare them properly. It is far simpler to run down to the corner and buy a rich pie or a gallon of commercial ice cream and a jar of chocolate syrup, but it won't help your health much if you do.

If you don't have the time to prepare these dishes, I

suggest the old stand-by—fruit. Melons and berries when in season and a handful of nuts keep my three boys very happy. And very healthy, too. You will recall that my boys take fruit to school for their luncheon dessert and that for a between-meal snack they eat raisins. There is nothing fancy about these foods, and nothing any better for you.

CHAPTER 17

VITAL FOODS 1: VEGETABLES

Someone very wise once said: "We are what we eat." If we eat properly, we look good and we feel good. If we skip meals and gobble up anything handy instead of selecting our meals with care, we don't look good and we don't feel good. It is that simple.

The proper diet won't cure every disease and problem, but it will cure a number of them. What is even more important is that the proper diet will prevent many problems and illnesses.

What are the proper, or vital, foods?

You have seen many mentioned throughout this book, individually or in some of the recipes. In this, and following chapters, I will list many of the important foods in my diet, and tell you why I think they are important. You will find these foods in our kitchen. I hope after reading this, I could find them in your kitchen, too—if not all at once, at least regularly.

The vital foods fall, roughly, into five categories: vegetables, fruits, dairy products and eggs, seed foods, and the ever-popular "miscellaneous." Here are the vital vegetables:

PARSLEY

The other day I was eating supper in a Hollywood restaurant with a friend who is not thoroughly acquainted with the health food way of life. I had ordered a big salad. My friend had ordered steak and potatoes.

We talked pleasantly and slowly enjoyed our meal. But when my friend nodded to the waiter that he could clear the plates away I noticed my friend hadn't eaten

BARE FEET AND GOOD THINGS TO EAT

the parsley that had come with the meal. I asked him why.

"Oh I never eat parsley," he said. "That's just there for decoration."

My friend was wrong, so very wrong. Parsley is decorative—I won't deny that—but it also is one of the vital foods.

You see, iron is the nucleus of every cell. It builds the blood and carries oxygen through the system. And parsley leads all other vegetables in iron. Parsley also is rich in minerals and it ranks high in Vitamin B-1. On top of all this, parsley is darned good to eat.

Often Lois includes parsley, chopped, in our salads. Other times I munch a sprig or parsley with a meal, or drink parsley as a juice. (Because parsley juice is so potent, I never take it by itself in large quantities. About two ounces is enough at one time, and usually I dilute it with another juice, such as carrot or celery.)

And last but not least, parsley is a wonderful breath freshener. There are many commercial products available to sweeten or "cleanse" the breath. Parsley is better than any of them.

POTATO

Potatoes are best when they're baked, and to risk sounding like your mother (who wasn't always wrong, you know), always you should eat the skins.

Potatoes are rich in Vitamin C and other nutrients, and they deserve a more prominent place in our diet. Yet, the first thing someone who is overweight takes out of his diet is the potato. It is true that potatoes are rich in calories. What these people don't seem to realize is that a potato can, with very little else, constitute an en-

VITAL FOODS 1: VEGETABLES

tire meal. In the Boots household, it often is. Baked sweet potatoes serve as the main dish, with a green salad, some cheese and vegetable juice rounding out the rest of the meal.

Here is another way of using the potato as the main dish:

POTATO TREAT

3 large Irish potatoes
2 tbs. soya oil
garlic powder
onion powder
dulce (sea salt)
pepper

Wash potatoes, then slice them (skin and all) as if preparing fried potatoes. Spread thick slices on foil paper. Pour oil and seasoning into cup and mix. Take small brush and cover the potato slices with the mixture, lightly. Place potato slices under broiler and brown on both sides. Will serve four people.

CARROTS

One of the most popular drinks in my house is carrot juice, and when I offer it to my guests, sometimes I hear them say, "Oh yes, that will make my eyesight better."

It probably won't. Rabbits can't see any better in the dark than you or I can. But carrot juice certainly won't hurt your eyesight. And it *will* help keep all of you healthy.

Carrots—whether consumed in a juice or solid form—are rich in iron and calcium, and fantastically high in Vitamin A. They are good in salads, wonderful eaten raw or cooked (I *never* eat them cooked) as part of lunch or dinner, and delicious as a between-meal snack.

CELERY

Celery is a vital food used most often in salads or

soup (chopped) or as an hors d'oeuvre (stalk, with cheese). If properly prepared, I recommend all these simple dishes. And during hot weather I especially recommend drinking a glass of celery juice between meals for its cooling and refreshing effect.

Most of the celery stalk is water (almost 94 per cent), but it also is rich in calcium, sodium, potassium, iron and phosphorous, and is high in Vitamin A and B-1.

MUSHROOMS

Mushrooms are best raw, included in a salad, or undercooked and served with rice. (I say "undercooked" because foods generally are cooked too much, until the food is soft and empty of its mineral and vitamin power.) Like celery, most of the mushroom is water, and it is equally cooling to the system. Mushrooms also are high in iron and niacin.

WATERCRESS

The scene: A field in northern California.

The time: The middle-1940s.

The characters: A farmer and Gypsy Boots.

The action: I am standing in a stream in the middle of that field, up to my hips in water and harvesting great bunches of watercress. Moments later I am running for my life, the farmer brandishing a pitchfork. I had forgotten to get his permission before "raiding" his stream.

Today I buy my watercress, or when I am on one of my nature trips I obtain permission before entering private property. The important thing is: Watercress is one of my major foods. It also is one of the most under-rated greens in existence.

Watercress is inexpensive and packed with iron and Vitamin A. It has more iodine than most other land

plants. It is a good blood-purifier. And it is a basic ingredient in almost every salad I eat.

KALE

During the Second World War—about the same time I was raiding streams for watercress—kale was recommended highly in England because many other nutritious foods were unavailable or severely rationed. It was recommended for its high vitamin (A, B-2, and C) and calcium and iron content. Authorities at the time knew what they were talking about. And, of course, kale is no less a vital food today. It is especially good in raw vegetable salads, and as a juice (mixed with other juices).

BEANS

Next time you visit a restaurant, ask for a dish of raw beans. Just sit down and say, "I'd like a serving of string-beans—raw." The looks you are going to get! You will go down in that waitress' book as the evening's biggest screwball.

But that is the way to enjoy beans and get the most out of them. All types—string, lima, soy, etc.—are good raw. There are other ways to enjoy beans, true, and I have included some of the tastier recipes for cooked beans in earlier chapters. As you know by now, though, I believe most vegetables are better raw.

There are definite differences between types of bean. Limas are especially rich in iron, niacin and Vitamin B-1. Snap or string beans are good for calcium, iron, and Vitamins A, B-1, and B-2. Raw bean sprouts are high in protein, rich in iron, and packed with Vitamins B-1 and B-2. And soy beans, although higher in calories, are rich in protein, iron and Vitamin B-1.

SQUASH

What do you get when you overcook squash?

Mush. That's all. Tasteless mush.

Squash, or zucchini, is best when it is undercooked. (Like most vegetables.) If your fork slips right through the squash, forget it. If, however, you feel some resistance when you use your fork, you can be sure the squash is cooked properly.

Squash differs from one season to another. In winter it has more Vitamin A. It also is richer in protein. But both winter and summer squash are high in iron and both are good for Vitamin B-2.

Squash, by the way, is one of the few vegetables I always eat cooked.

SPINACH

Whenever Popeye was in trouble and needed some instant energy, he ripped the top from a can of spinach and devoured the contents whole. I don't approve of Popeye's eating habits. For one thing, he ate too quickly. But I do applaud his choice. Spinach is a high, quick energy food.

Spinach is highest in Vitamin A and iron. Iron, you remember, is the mineral that strengthens the blood and builds the cells. It also is high in Vitamins C, B-2, and niacin.

One suggestion: Most people eat spinach cooked, floating in a dish of water. Ugh. If you must eat spinach cooked, don't cook it until it is soggy. Better, do as I do. Wash and chop the spinach leaves and serve with other raw vegetables in salad form.

RICE

Rice is another staple foodstuff in the Boots kitchen.

But never do we stock any white rice. White rice is almost valueless. It has been husked and bleached and boiled, and it almost totally empty of minerals and vitamins. It is of no value to the diet unless you are looking for some unnecessary calories. Because rice is calory-high, you should eat something that is going to do some good. This means you should always eat brown, or wild, rice.

On our table, rice, like the potato, is often the main dish, served with mushrooms and butter or oil. In good brown, or wild, rice there is a lot of protein, niacin and Vitamin B-1.

CABBAGE

Cabbage, like spinach, is a good vegetable that should be eaten raw, not cooked. It is excellent shredded in vegetable salads, and especially tasty shredded and mixed with peanut butter in a sandwich.

Cabbage (red, green, or any other kind) is a source of Vitamins A, B, C, and G, and it contains powerful quantities of calcium, chlorine, sodium, and iron.

TOMATOES

This is another salad staple, especially rich in Vitamins C and A, in that order. It also is another vegetable I never eat when cooked. Slice it for salads, eat it whole as a between-meals snack (with health salt or dulce), or liquify it for a vitamin drink.

ALFALFA

One of my best-selling sandwiches at the Health Hut and in the fanciest beauty salons was my alfalfa sprout sandwich. This is not to say I didn't occasionally encounter some opposition from the customers.

"Alfalfa is food for cows," they'd say.

And I'd have to admit it was true. It is food for cows. But so are many of the grains you find in your breakfast cereal, in your daily bread. Not only that, cows are pretty darned healthy.

Alfalfa, most palatable in the sprout form, is packed with minerals and vitamins, especially Vitamins A, B-1, C, E, and K. (It is fascinating why alfalfa is so rich in minerals. Its roots go very deep, as much as 25 to 30 feet into the soil!) And the U.S. Department of Agriculture says the protein content of alfalfa is about one and a half times as much as you find in grains such as wheat and corn.

BEETS

Unlike many other vegetables, the skin or peel of the beet has little value. Removing the skin is an easy task. Merely boil the vegetable and the skins slide right off. Served sliced or diced.

And never throw away the tops, or greens. This is a food packed with iron and unbelievably high in Vitamin A. Save the greens and run them through the juice machine, adding the product to another vegetable juice for a powerful mid-day pick-me-up.

PEPPERS

Green peppers are vital, red peppers are more vital than that! (General rule. When a vegetable has color other than green, it is more powerful. Red cabbage is better than green cabbage, etc.) But both are rich in Vitamin C, and contain lots of protein and iron.

There are a number of excellent dishes you can prepare with peppers. Lois likes to stuff a pepper with eggplant and chopped onion, or stuff a pepper with rice and bake this with a little cheese on the top. Both dishes are

served as the main dish.

Peppers are also good in salads, mixed with other green vegetables, or sliced and added to a sandwich.

CUCUMBERS

If your diet includes a lot of meat or starch, cucumbers are a must for balance. They are extremely low in calories and high in iron and vitamins. The cucumber is primarily a salad food, sliced and served in its natural juices.

CAULIFLOWER

In some ways, cauliflower is richer when cooked than when raw. It contains slightly higher protein, calcium and iron, and is richer in Vitamin A. But when this vegetable is eaten raw, the calory-count is lower and is higher in Vitamin C and B-1.

When served cooked, we boil it and serve it with a light vegetable oil. Only when engaged in hard labor do we suggest you serve it with a cream.

PEAS

Peas are terrific when eaten raw, straight from the pod as a snack or in a salad. Occasionally we cook our peas, but generally I suggest you don't do this very often, unless you live in a cold climate. They are rich in almost every vitamin and good for protein, calcium and iron as well.

There are many other vital vegetables—the endive and radish (both good for salads, raw), brussel sprouts, okra, asparagus, leeks, mustard greens and collard greens (best in a juice form, added with other vegetable juices), lettuce, broccoli, chard, parsnips, rutabagas, turnips. The list goes on and on. (Technically, onions and garlic are an herb and I have included my discussion of these vital

foods in a later chapter.) But the vegetables I have mentioned in detail above are the most important. Be sure to use many of them, and regularly change from one to the other. Variety is essential.

CHAPTER 18

VITAL FOODS 2: FRUITS

Fruits are as vital as vegetables. But there are a couple of things you must know.

One is that if you eat a lot of fruit, as I do, you must balance your diet with grains and starch. I remember one time when I went on a strawberry binge, and ended up scratching like a monkey. I had eaten too much fruit. I had ignored one of the rules of nutrition: Always eat foods that supplement one another, not just one food because you have a craving for it.

This is not to say eating a lot of fruit is harmful. You can eat too much of anything. Fruit is vital as a source of Vitamin C. No other food will provide as much. And Vitamin C is one of the most important vitamins.

I must also say something about dried fruit. Many people say they don't like it. I say if you can't get fresh fruit, get dried fruit and soak it overnight. It is more potent in this form and it gives you all the same nourishment. And both fresh and dried fruit are better than anything you can find in a can or jar.

Here are the vital fruits:

BANANA

I like bananas that are over-ripe and sometimes I have been told, while offering this fruit to customers: "Gypsy, I'd eat one of your bananas, but they're rotten."

Again my friends and customers were wrong. Bananas must be eaten ripe, even over-ripe. This is when the skin is heavily speckled with brown, and after the starch has turned to sugar inside. Otherwise you won't get the true goodness from the fruit. The browner they are, the

softer they are, the better they are!

A suggestion for a good dessert: mash the pulp of the ripe or over-ripe banana with a fork, and sprinkle with honey and shredded coconut. This is as powerful an energy food as you will find.

Bananas are rich in protein and high in Vitamins C and A, in that order.

APPLE

The apple is the easiest, most popular, and most sensible snack food in existence.

To begin with, it is a fruit packed with vitamins (especially C, the sunshine vitamin) and full of blood-building iron. And to end with, there is no experience to compete with that of eating it, straight from the tree or chilled.

Besides being good as a snack, it is good as another salad staple. Just cut the apple in slices (leaving the skin) and served with chopped nuts or with salad vegetables or other fruits. Usually there is no need to add oil or dressing. The juices of the apples and other ingredients will more than suffice.

In other forms, the apple is equally nourishing. As a juice, with a shot of lemon, it is a great eye-opener. (When making apple juice, put everything through the juice machine—skin, stem, seeds, and all.) And after the juice has been aged properly, turning into vinegar, the apple makes an excellent dressing and cooking aid.

CITRUS

The orange, the grapefruit, the tangerine, the nectarine, the lemon, and the lime are the most popular citrus fruits, and all are vitally good for you. They are high in Vitamin C and rich in natural sugars.

Many is the time I've picked this fruit, working in the groves of California. And from these days, when I ate the fruit straight from the tree, I have retained a preference for the fruit in its solid form. You would be wise, however to mix it up more than I do. Eat the fruits in their solid form, and drink the citrus juices.

All citrus is good for breakfast. (Lemons and limes, maybe, are the partial exception, in that you wouldn't normally eat a lemon or a lime. But there is real value in the juice of this fruit, mixing it with other juices, or using it as a natural juice over a salad.) Almost all citrus fruit, in its solid state, is good for salads, too. Just cut the fruit from the skin and blend with other salad foods.

Besides being so rich in Vitamin C, citrus fruits are one of the best sources of Vitamin A, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin. But, of course, the fruit must be ripe.

BERRIES

In season, any berry is good. And like citrus fruit, all are rich in Vitamin C, as well as being high in iron.

What is the best way to eat this fruit? Just as you find them on the vine, or in the market, after washing. There is no treat like eating a handful of succulent berries.

If you like, you can begin the day with a bowl of berries—strawberries, blackberries, raspberries and blueberries are especially good—covered with good, raw certified milk, or goat's milk. They're also good over cereal.

PLUMS AND PRUNES

I group these two together for the obvious reason that prunes are really plums, dried. In both forms, the plum is high in iron and Vitamin A. And both are good for regularity.

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One note of caution: Be careful how many prunes you eat, or how much prune juice you drink. Don't overdo it. And they must be sun-dried and unsulphured, and soaked.

PINEAPPLE

The pineapple is the one fruit I will eat from a can. Even then it is only the unsweetened frozen juice I'll accept. This is good as a juice, and mixed without water with the pulp of a banana.

The pineapple is another fruit high in Vitamin C and rich in iron for quick energy. So it is a vital part of our menu, as a juice, in solid form for breakfast or mixed with other fruits as a salad or Nature Dessert.

GRAPES & RAISINS

Like the plum and the prune, the grape and the raisin go together because the raisin is really a grape, only dried. Both are rich in minerals and vitamins.

There are literally hundred of varieties of grapes. Some books talk about as many as 2,000 different varieties in North America alone! I confess I don't know much about this. But I do know what general types are best for you. At all times I have both Muscats and Concords with me, at home or in crates in my station wagon on trips. The Concords are especially good, because they are stronger than any other variety.

About raisins I don't have to say much. I was raised on raisins, and *my* children are being raised on raisins. Of course they eat other foods, but whenever they are outside playing they have a box of raisins with them. This is because the boys know raisins are high in energy, and as they are naturally sweet they eat the raisins like penny candy.

VITAL FOODS 2: FRUITS

MELONS

In season, all melon is good for you, as well as cool and refreshing.

Cantaloupe is the richest melon in Vitamin A; over 60 per cent of its content is this vitamin. Watermelon—my own personal favorite—also is rich in this vitamin. And honeydew is especially high in Vitamin B-1, while all are packed with C.

AVOCADO

A very good friend of mine, Dorothy Rheingold, has an interesting use for the avocado: She uses the fruit instead of shampoo. That's right! She washes her hair with avocado. And others I know, including actress Susan Oliver, use the fruit as a face cream.

Actually, this isn't as strange as it sounds. The oil of the avocado is used commercially in the manufacture of both soap and cosmetics. It's rich, natural oil is good for you. So I won't argue with either Dorothy or Susan. I'll just say I much prefer to eat the fruit.

Two good ways to include this fruit in your menu is to make an avocado salad, mixing the fruit with other fruits and vegetables, or to make an avocado dressing for salads. The dressing is made by mixing the mashed pulp of the fruit with small amounts of garlic and lemon juice.

CHERRIES

The cherry is one of the most potent fruits, with Bings and Tartarians being the best for you. This is a cleansing, quick energy food; it picks you up and keeps your system free from impurities at the same time.

In recent years, cherries have been harder and harder to find. Many orchards have gone down because of

blight and disease. And the season for cherries has become shorter. Thus, the fruit has been available only a few weeks each year, and the price has gone up. I still urge that you buy as many as you can, in season, and the rest of the year eat sun-dried cherries.

Sun-dried cherries are not popularly recognized, and may not be readily available unless you do some searching. But the search is worth the effort. By soaking them overnight, you can provide as much value to your menu as if you had a supply of fresh cherries on hand.

FIGS

One of the hangouts I favored when I was travelling with Eden Ahbez and the other nature boys was Louie's Fig Orchard in California's Vacaville hills. Here are fig trees probably the oldest in North America. And while we were there, we ate all we could hold, then went away with boxes full besides.

Figs have been a vital food since Biblical times, and for good reason. They cleanse as well as nourish.

Figs may be eaten fresh from the tree, but most of the fruit is preserved or dried. In this form it may be used in cakes, puddings, pastes or wafers, or simply eaten dried. I prefer the latter form. Sun-dried figs from trees free of chemical spraying are best. And especially good with a glass of goat's milk.

PAPAYA

This is a fruit that is good for even the youngest children. It was the first fruit, along with the banana, that Lois fed our three boys—first, mashing the fruit thoroughly. It is, of course, equally good for adults, but only if very, very ripe. And like almost any other vital fruit, the papaya makes an excellent juice.

MANGO

This is another fruit that must be consumed only when it is dead ripe. There are many uses for the mango. The kernel is sometimes roasted and eaten like a chestnut. The fruit is eaten raw, with or without wine, sugar and spices, or unripe as preserves, jellies or pickles. As I say, though, I eat the mango as ripe as they come, and raw as a morning snack or breakfast food.

PEARS

Pears are interesting in that they are one of the few fruits that will ripen properly away from the tree. Often when I was living in the hills I'd pick a large quantity of pears not quite ripe. This was when I was sleeping in haystacks, and I'd put the box of pears in the hay with me. I'd leave the pears there for four or five days. At the end of that time I'd uncover them again and find them ready for eating.

Similarly, you can let pears ripen at home, keeping them in a cool, dark place, such as a closet. Once they are speckled with brown, eat them as a snack, add them to any fruit salad, or run them through your juicing machine.

CHAPTER 19

VITAL FOODS 3: DAIRY PRODUCTS & EGGS

I've lived for as long as four years without eating any of the dairy foods. But that was when I was living a "yoga" life, a quiet life with little activity. If I had been working at the time, or exercising regularly, I'd have been in big trouble. I wouldn't have had the strength dairy foods provide.

Now, of course, eggs and dairy products are an essential part of my diet. Dairy foods are acid foods, but so long as I burn up all the food I eat, they never can be harmful to me. Or to you.

Here, then, are the vital dairy foods:

MILK

In theory, the best milk is mother's milk. Unfortunately, this theory often falls apart today. For a mother's milk to be nourishing, the mother must be in good shape. Most mothers are not. In fact, most cows are in better shape.

I don't mean that as a poor joke. It is true, as any doctor will tell you. So what babies and children are fed today are milks from cows and goats, and formulas.

The second-best kind of milk is raw goat's milk. Although I no longer drink much milk (it is not as necessary for adults as it is for babies and growing children), this is the milk I love best. It is easily digested because it is a naturally homogenized milk, and has a rich, creamy flavor.

And the next-best milk is raw (certified) cow's milk. This is produced under strict state and federal regulations, and never is there any question of its safety. It

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has a lower bacterial count than pasteurized or homogenized milk, and is richer in Vitamins A and B. In some areas it is a little difficult to obtain, but if it is available it is better for you than most "commercial" milks.

Another good milk is buttermilk. This used to be the by-product of churning butter from cream. Today it is richer, yet freer of the high calory-count it used to have. It is, perhaps surprisingly, lower in calories than whole milk and skimmed milk. It is also good for people who suffer from stomach upsets.

YOGURT

In the past ten years yogurt has become a kind of "in" food. It is considered both dietary and healthy. Which it is. But yogurt shouldn't be consumed just because it is considered "in," or acceptable. Yogurt should become a part of the diet because of its true value.

What is yogurt? It is made, generally, from a cow's or goat's milk, reconstituted and presented in a semi-solid form. And it is provided commercially in several flavors, containing chunks of banana, pineapple, etc. It is rich in protein and calcium, and very high in vitamins—especially Vitamins B-2 and B-1, in that order.

Yogurt is easily digested. Regular milk is only 32 per cent digested after an hour in the digestive tract. But 91 per cent of yogurt is digested in the same time.

Like milk, yogurt is not a regular part of my diet. I don't feel I need it. But it is an essential food for my boys. They particularly like it with sunflower seeds, or with some brewer's yeast sprinkled over it.

BUTTER

Butter is principally composed of milk fat, curd, salt and water, the fat content ranging from 80 to 85 per

cent of the total. It is rich in Vitamins A, D, E, and K, so is important to the diet for normal growth of the young and proper health of all ages. And the best butter is the sweet, unsalted butter.

CHEESE

The Boots family is a vegetarian family and so we eat a lot of cheese. This is one of our major sources of protein.

It also is one of the most concentrated, nutritive and palatable of foods. It is second only to butter in nutrition. And because of the powerful amounts of calcium, phosphorus, and variety of vitamins, I doubt there is any other vital food that is really better for you.

Here are some of my favorite types:

Cottage cheese: Besides being rich in protein, cottage cheese is high in calcium and iron, and packed with Vitamins B-1 and B-2. Like Yogurt, it is often considered a "diet" food. You find it on all the "weight-watcher's specials" in restaurant menus. But the mistake made here is that cottage cheese is *not* just a weight-losing food. It should be a part of every balanced diet, not just those for shedding fat.

Jack cheese: This is the pale yellow cheese and it is made almost completely of whole milk. Jack cheese appears on our table almost every day, cut into sticks for easy handling.

Cheddar, or American cheese: This is one of the highest in protein. (Others are Swiss, Parmesan, and Romano, Brick, Muenster, Blue Mold, Brie, and Limburger, cheeses I don't often eat. Lowest in protein content is Cream cheese.) Raw Cheddar cheese is served often in our house, with slices of ripe, red apple.

Talking about cheese, I'll never forget one of my visits at Pete's cheese factory in the Sonoma Valley, where I was raised. He specialized in producing whole Jack cheese. Well, I worked all night helping Pete make cheese and I was paid, according to our agreement, in cheese—all the cheese I could eat. I ate so much I felt like a cheese factory myself. But I also ate a number of juicy tree ripened figs. I knew this was a good combination. Eating lots of fruit (especially apples and celery) with cheese makes the cheese more digestible.

EGGS

I think I've eaten eggs just about every way you can—shirred, soft-boiled, in an omelet, poached, hard-boiled stuffed, in a salad, deviled, curried, and raw. (My general rule is: *Cooked*—but never fried—for flavor, *raw* for energy.) I've even lived on a diet consisting almost entirely of eggs. (I survived, but I don't especially recommend it; any diet of one food gets a bit monotonous besides the fact that it isn't good for you.) And I have lived without eggs for months at a time.

What I prefer over all this is eating an egg or two every day. And the best way to eat them is raw.

This may upset you. It shouldn't. There are a number of ways of eating an egg raw, without eating it straight from the shell. One way I outlined in the chapter "What'll You Have to Drink?" There I said you should include a raw egg in the "early morning blend," mixing the egg with fruit, juices, and wheat germ. Raw eggs can as easily be disguised in other drinks.

No matter how you eat an egg, you must never forget to do so. One of the nearly complete health foods is inside that eggshell. The albumin, or white, of the egg

BARE FEET AND GOOD THINGS TO EAT

contains elements in the form of protein. (And thus eggs become one of our meat-substitutes.) And the yolk has food value surpassing that you find in whole milk, and is a good source of Vitamins A, B, and D, and calcium, magnesium, and potassium.

SWISS WHEY

This is a phosphorous and calcium supplement. It is 70 per cent lactose, which is a nutritious, nourishing and easily digested food. Another 12 per cent is protein, the protein natural to milk.

This is a vital food good when added to carob drinks and other drinks and juices, and excellent for sandwiches when added with peanut butter. The general rule is: Add between one and two tablespoons per glass of juice or milk or carob drink, or the same amount to each sandwich.

MARGARINE

In my family margarine is not a vital food, but it may be a vital food for you. In certain diets—notably the low cholesterol—it is even necessary. So I feel I should say something about it.

What makes margarine different from butter is that margarine is composed largely of highly refined vegetable oils instead of milk fats, principally soy bean and cottonseed oils. This is a healthy foodstuff, but unless your particular diet calls for it, not a vital one.

CHAPTER 20

VITAL FOODS 4: THE SEED FOODS

As the seed is the source of life, it also is a means of sustaining it.

Our menu would be very poor without the lowly seed, for "the seed foods" include besides seeds (such as sunflower and sesame) all nuts, grains, certain oils, many of our cereals, pastries and breads.

Here are the vital seed foods:

WHEAT GERM

This is a daily must! And it comes in two basic forms—as a bran and as an oil. Both are high in energy.

To begin with, wheat germ is the vital part of each kernel of wheat, the source of new growth for each kernel. It is so important to the grain, in fact, someone once said Nature created the rest of the wheat kernel just to protect the "germ" inside.

Sadly, many people used to say wheat germ (oil or bran) was a food consumed only by "health food nuts." They said it was not necessary, that only the real fanatics used it. Today it is more popularly accepted, but if you have any doubt about using it, listen to what the U.S. Department of Agriculture says:

"Studies recently conducted in the Bureau of Human Nutrition and Home Economics, and elsewhere, have showed that wheat germ is a rich source of protein having high nutritional value approximating that of milk and meat. In a form suitable for human consumption, it offers a relatively low cost source of high quality protein potentially available in large quantities. Wheat germ is also an exceptionally valuable source of the essential

nutrients. It is rich in all the vitamins of the B complex: thiamine (B-1), riboflavin, nicotinic acid, and pyridoxine (B-6). It is one of the best natural sources of Vitamin E and makes a substantial contribution to the needs of the diet."

Put another way, half a cup of wheat germ provides just as much protein as you will get by eating four eggs. And one teaspoonful a day increases the oxygen in the body by 30 per cent, the equivalent of the effect of an oxygen tent.

As a bran it can be eaten as a cereal, or it may be added to other foods—sprinkled over other cereals, soup, fruit, yogurt, or salad. (And although we don't use it this way, it can be added to cooked foods by using it instead of "breading." Usually it is best, when breading, to mix the wheat germ with unbleached flour, at the ratio of 1-1/2 teaspoons of wheat germ per cup of flour.)

As an oil wheat germ can be consumed straight from the bottle, a spoonful to start the day. Or it may be mixed with salad dressing, used in cooking, or stirred into a glass of fruit or vegetable juice, or milk.

I have to admit wheat germ has a peculiar taste, especially in the liquid form. It doesn't take long to get used to it, though, and because it is so valuable, there is no excuse for avoiding it. And there are too many ways, a few of them outlined above, to disguise the taste.

CEREALS

Most commercial cereals are nearly worthless. I don't care what it says on the package. The original grains used in the dry packaged cereals have undergone so much "refining" by the time they are boxed the original grains can't be recognized. So what you buy in the market is

often no more than a cardboard box half-full of dry starch, maybe covered with sugar (and the wrong kind of sugar at that).

What you should eat are the natural grains. Lois said in her chapter about the foods our sons eat that the breakfast cereal most popular with us is a mixture of raw rolled oats and raw wheat germ. We think this is the healthiest morning combination you can serve. But no matter what grain you do serve, be certain it has not been "refined" to death.

This not to say that there isn't some value in cereals you find in those packages. It is just that processing removes most of the value. Wheat, bran and corn flakes are fine, so far as they go. Unfortunately, they don't go very far. Rolled grains are available everywhere today. So are cracked grained. Oats, wheat, rye, and many others are packaged and sold in both forms.

Always it is best to eat the grain raw, but there is value, too, in cooking them. The process is like preparing oatmeal. All you do is stir one portion of cracked grain (oatmeal, cracked wheat, cracked rye, etc.) into two parts of boiling water. Then lower the heat and allow to cook for 10 to 15 minutes.

Like any other seed food, cereal grains contain lots of iron and calcium, are high in protein energy, and have many of the essential vitamins.

BREAD

Ever go into one of those restaurants that serve sandwiches made from white bread with all the crusts removed?

I have, and nothing has made me angrier. (Hotel restaurants are especially bad about this, and the fancier

the hotel, it seems the more they insist upon removing the crusts.) Do you know what you are getting in such a sandwich? Nothing—unless there is something healthy between the bread slices. And then you are better off leaving the bread uneaten.

Never—never!—eat bread made from bleached flour. All bread must be made from 100 per cent whole grain, or you are cheating yourself. So look for the words "100% whole wheat" (or rye, etc.) on the label. Be sure that "100%" is there. Some of the so-called "wheat bread" often is 60 per cent white flour.

In the chapter "House Calls and Spotlights" there is a recipe for homemade rye bread. Here is a recipe for 100 per cent whole wheat bread.

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

12 cups unsifted whole
wheat flour
½ cup raw sugar, honey,
or molasses
½ cup vegetable oil
2 yeast cakes
2 tbs. salt
5-6 cups milk
water

Mix ingredients and let stand overnight in covered pan. Soften 2 yeast cakes in 2 to 4 tbs. warm water, add to dough mixture by kneading with hands for 10 minutes. Roll into a ball and return to covered pan, placing pan in warm place (80-85°) to rise for one hour. Knead again for 2 min. Then divide into three or four portions. Place dough in greased loaf pans. Lightly grease top surface and set in oven for 15-20 min. at 80-85° F., until it has risen but is not quite double in bulk. Bake immediately for one hour at 325°. Makes three 2-lb. loaves or four 1½ lb. loaves.

Bread is an essential part of any diet. There are, roughly, 50 to 55 calories per slice, but like anything else made from the properly prepared (or *unrefined!*) grains, bread

is very nutritious. It is high in protein, and it contains needed vitamins and minerals.

SUNFLOWER SEEDS

As Lois and I have said, sunflower seeds are Nature's candy. They are delicious when they are eaten raw and can be purchased already hulled.

Be sure though, the seeds are fresh. It is best to buy them vacuum-packed. They are high in oil and may turn rancid if they are not fresh.

The seeds can be eaten in many ways—straight from the hand as a between-meal snack, mixed into a salad or cereal, sprinkled over soup, fruit or vegetables, added to yogurt. They also may be ground up and mixed with Tiger's milk or other drinks.

Sunflower seeds are an excellent source of protein. (One of our meat-substitutes, remember?) They contain large amounts of phosphorus, potassium, and magnesium, and smaller amounts of other minerals. And they are rich in all the B vitamins, and Vitamins D and E.

NUTS

Many people say this should be my favorite food, because I am such a nut myself.

I have other reasons for eating nuts. Much of what has been said for sunflower seeds can be repeated for raw unprocessed nuts. All are high in protein, give you quick energy and build your mineral and vitamin count.

Best kinds for between-meal snacks, or added to other dishes, such as salads and cooked dishes: Walnuts, almonds, pecans, filberts, peanuts, Brazil nuts and cashews. My own favorites are almonds, pecans and Brazils. Cashews are especially delicious, but a little on the starchy side.

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An extremely unusual nut is the coconut, because it contains milk as well as meat. Raw coconut meat and coconut milk both are very nutritious. The meat can be shredded over salads or desserts, or eaten raw as a candy. The milk is good as it comes from the cocconut, or added to fruit juices.

(See recipes in the chapter on health food desserts, "I Have a Sweet Tooth, Too.")

Get out of the rut with a nut.

SESAME SEEDS

Sesame seeds are very tiny, but very nutritious and very sweet. For this reason sesame seeds often are included in commercial candies and on breakfast rolls and bread. I have included them in my own Gypsy Boots Energy Bar. (More about this later.) It also comes in liquid form, or as Sesame Tahini. This we stock on our shelves regularly, using it with fruit, salads, and brown rice dishes.

Besides being so good for you, sesame seeds are unbelievably cheap. It is easily grown, even in some of the worst soil, and has run so wild in many Southern states it almost is considered a weed. Weed or no weed, it is a vital foodstuff.

CORN

Some people consider this a vegetable. No matter what you call it, it is valuable for the goodness it contains. It is an iron and protein food, rich in niacin, Vitamins C, B-1, B-2, and A, in that order.

Sweet corn is best, steamed or baked, although sometimes I eat corn raw from the cob. Be sure, though, you don't overcook it; the kernels should be solid, not mushy when you bite into them.

VITAL FOODS 4: SEED FOODS

Polenta is another corn food we stock regularly. This is an Indian corn meal. We cook it like oatmeal.

And corn oil, of course, is one of the best vegetable oils, for salads and for cooking.

CHAPTER 21

VITAL FOODS 5: MISCELLANEOUS

The four major food categories for the vegetarian are vegetables, fruits, dairy products and eggs, and the seed foods. But there are other vital foods that fit into no category—such foods as blackstrap molasses and honey, brewer's yeast, herbs and seasonings, to mention only a few. All are equally essential.

Here are some of the more essential ones:

BLACKSTRAP MOLASSES

Blackstrap molasses is what you get when you take sugar cane and boil it down, removing all the pure sugar. It is worth the effort involved because one tablespoon of the remaining molasses has as much calcium as you find in a glass of milk, and the same amount of blackstrap molasses has as much iron as you will find in nine eggs!

One of the best things it has to offer is its energy, due to its high iron content. It also helps relieve constipation, so therefore is one of the laxative foods.

It is advisable not to consume blackstrap molasses in large quantities by itself in an undiluted form. It is best to mix it with milk drinks, cakes and cookies, or other foods. It is that strong.

BREWER'S YEAST

This is not to be confused with *baker's yeast*. Brewer's yeast is known as "nutritional" or "primary" yeast and is grown especially for human consumption.

As with the liquid form of wheat germ, you may have to acquire a taste for brewer's yeast. Similarly, though, you will find it well worth the small effort. Begin with a

VITAL FOODS 5: MISCELLANEOUS

small amount at first, a half-teaspoonful to a full teaspoonful daily. Later you may increase the amount, up to half a cup or more. It is not a difficult taste to acquire. My boys like it as much as candy.

There are many ways to eat brewer's yeast—mixing it in a glass of hot or cold water, or in fruit juice, vegetable juice, or milk. It also can be added to soups, Spanish rice, or other cooked foods, at the rate of one tablespoon for each three servings.

And it comes in three forms—powders, flakes and tablets. The powder is the strongest of the three; one heaping tablespoon of the powder, for instance, is equal to 90 tablets! It will keep for many months and requires no refrigeration, so it can be purchased in greater quantity than some of the more perishable foods.

Now . . . what will brewer's yeast do for you? Plenty! I won't outline the dozens of benefits you will get. I'll just say that according to biochemistry textbooks, the body needs at least 55 nutrients daily. And brewer's yeast offers more of them than any other single non-meat food.

Brewer's yeast. As necessary to the daily diet as is wheat germ. I sprinkle it on everything but my beard.

HONEY

Honey is a sugar-substitute and should be used instead of sugar whenever possible. (And often when it is not possible to make this substitution you will find it is better to not use sugar at all, unless it is brown sugar.) You see, sugar—like alcohol, tobacco, and coffee—is habit-forming. And none of these habits is a good one.

I drink a lot of tea, as you know, and always I add a

little raw honey. (It doesn't matter what the flavor is—clover, sage, etc.) Especially in the morning, because honey helps you wake up and get started. It starts the gastric juices flowing, raises the blood sugar fast. Honey is good later in the day, too. For a quick lift, stir some into some tea, or into a glass of water.

I said coffee was a bad habit. I think it is. But maybe many of you feel you cannot get along without coffee. Okay, drink coffee. But try to avoid using sugar. Try honey instead. It sounds strange, but try it.

Honey is a high-energy food because it is four-fifths carbohydrates, the rest being water with a little protein and some mineral salts.

A final word of caution: Don't over-do it. Honey is delicious, but too much honey can be disastrous. I know what I am talking about.

One day several years ago I was in Arizona and had purchased a pound of raw honey. I was returning to California and when I reached the state border I was told I couldn't take the honey with me. I had opened the package and California's food laws are pretty rigid. So what did I do? I proceeded to eat the whole pound. I couldn't carry it into California in my hand, but there weren't any laws about carrying it in my stomach. The trouble was not only did I upset my nutritional balance, I was sick as a dog.

Elsewhere in this book, particularly in my dessert chapter, "I Have a Sweet Tooth, Too," you will find more sensible uses for honey.

HERBS

The wonderful thing about herbs is that you can add them to just about everything, especially to soups, salads,

teas and other drinks, and dressings. They add not only a pleasant smell and taste, but also a lot of nutrition.

There are hundreds of different types of herbs. In the United States the most popular ones are sage, thyme, savory, marjoram, spearmint, dill, fennel, tarragon, balm and basil, in nearly that order.

All herbs are readily available. Every grocery store and supermarket carries a wide assortment, in cans and attractive bottles. Generally these are fine, but as with all foodstuffs it always is better to shop where you know the products have not been processed to death, where the herbs are organic, or "natural."

ONIONS & GARLIC

Some people place these vital foods in the vegetable category. Actually, both are herbs, but they are so important to the diet I want to emphasize their value by talking about them separately.

I have talked often about how I've smelled up school rooms and buses (remember when I was with Spike Jones?) with the peculiar odor that goes with this food. It is true, the odor is strong and unforgettable. But both are friends in disguise.

Digestive disturbances, such as gas or colitis, are hardly known in European countries where large quantities of garlic and onion are eaten. And some doctors have gone so far as to say garlic lowers the blood pressure. In any event, both are known, world-wide, for their nutritional and medicinal benefits.

Onions can be eaten in any form. A thick slice between two slices of whole wheat bread makes a good sandwich. Sometimes for a mid-morning snack I wrap a lettuce leaf or two around a small, raw onion, and munch on

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this as I make my rounds. Cooked, onions and garlic give a vegetable dish a special character and taste. Raw, both are great in salads.

A final word about the distinctive odor. Granted, they do make one's breath a little heavy! And if you are worrying about your breath, do as others do: Make a deal with the person you are with, and both of you dive into the onions (or garlic). You will be healthier for the effort, and if that doesn't solve your problem, chew on some breath-cleansing parsley. That ought to take care of things.

CAROB

This is a chocolate-substitute, found in many health candies, cakes and drinks. It is especially good for children, a flavorful food often found on our table.

Carob powder is an ingredient that can be used in the making of many special dishes—waffles, cakes, cookies, ice cream, hot or cold drinks, candies, to name only a few. (It also is another ingredient in the Gypsy Boots Energy Bar.) The Boots family never uses chocolate. We prefer to use carob, in powder or cake.

LECITHIN

This is a food that is found in other foods, but is available in a pure granular form.

Originally, it was obtained from egg yolks and its name comes from the Greek word *likithos*, meaning egg yoke. Now it is obtained in greater quantity from the soy bean, and it tastes very much like wheat germ. It has a nutty, oily taste and, like wheat germ, is good sprinkled on cereals, fruits, salads, yogurt, or stirred into juices and other drinks.

VITAL FOODS 5: MISCELLANEOUS

BROWN SUGAR

This, unlike honey, is not a sugar-substitute. It is a kind of sugar, obviously. And if you must use sugar at all, it is the kind of sugar you should use. This is a sugar—when raw and unprocessed—that is not stripped of all its nutritious value. You use it, of course, as you would use any sugar. But sparingly.

CHAPTER 23

SHOPPING HINTS & KITCHEN CLUES

I have said over and over how important it is to eat the right foods. This doesn't mean just eat wheat bread, for instance, but the *right kind* of wheat bread! It means you must eat the right kind of vegetables, the right kind of fruits, seed foods, and all the other foods. The right kind! What is the "right kind?"

WHAT TO SHOP FOR

In the fruit, vegetable and seed departments this means it should be organically grown, unspoiled and uncontaminated by chemical fertilizers and poisonous sprays. And the foods should be garden-fresh and tree-ripened.

Dairy products should be raw (and certified) and the product of animals fed on organically grown foods. Dairy products also should be unpasteurized, unprocessed.

And all foods must be "natural" and clean.

Now—where do you find these foods?

Not too many years ago it was something of a task to find such foods, unless you lived in a large city. Today, thankfully, it is not so difficult. Stores stocking organic foods are becoming more numerous and specialty health food stores are springing up in many small towns. If such a store is in your city or town, use it. This is where you find the best foods—foods with the very best taste, and foods that are the best for you.

If, however, there is no supply of organic foods in your community, you often can go to the source, the organic farmer. Many foods you can have mailed or shipped to you. All you have to do in this case is read a few of the health food publications for the addresses.

Another way of finding these foods is to grow your

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own. Remember back during the war thousands of us started gardens and we called them V-Gardens, the "V" for victory. Today *good* food is sometimes quite scarce, so we should grow our own.

Of course you may feel you cannot become a "farmer" or really can't because of where you live. Then you must do the best you can. When you shop, ask the grocer where the foods came from and how they were grown. If he doesn't know, he can find out, because usually he buys it from the farmer himself, or from a distributor who will know. After you learn this, all you have to do is be particular about which shop you frequent each week.

PROPER STORAGE

Once you have purchased the right foods—the right kinds of foods!—you must store them correctly. Many health foods come in cans or bottles, and there is no storage problem. You place them on the shelf and forget about them, using them as you need them.

Perishable foodstuffs must be handled with more care. Unless you have a moisture-controlled refrigerator, it is best to store your vegetables in a hydrator fitted with a rack. And under the rack is a little water (about an eighth of an inch) to keep the vegetables moist.

Another, simpler way of storing perishables is to keep the fruits and vegetables fresh and moist by covering them with damp towels or pieces of cloth, kept damp by sprinkling. This is how Lois and I store most of our perishables. We have the fruit and vegetables in the original containers (cartons, boxes or baskets) and place the damp cloth on top.

One word about freezing: We don't freeze very much. Just for homemade ice cream and an occasional fruit.

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Because persimmons are available only during certain times of the year, for instance, sometimes we freeze a few of them. It is best to eat the foods fresh, before freezing and thawing.

PROPER PREPARATION

It is also important to prepare foods correctly. No matter how good the foods are when you buy them and after they have been stored properly, you can ruin their value by cooking, or preparing, them incorrectly.

The best bet is to eat most foods raw. Wash them thoroughly, but quickly (don't let them sit in water, just rinse), then serve. And if you do cook them, don't overcook them. It is best if they are partially cooked, still crisp and crunchy to the bite.

Cook all vegetables slowly, below the boiling point. Broil or bake only occasionally. Do not add soda or salt. And do not keep cooked foods "warming up" on top of the stove. It is better to place the dish in the refrigerator if you are waiting for someone who is late. You lose vitamins and minerals when foods are left on the stove keeping warm.

And never peel most vegetables and fruits. Potato skins, the skins of the peach, the apple and most other fruits—all these are as good, or better, than the meat itself.

POTS & PANS & THINGS

Much of the preparation of foods is valuable because of which utensils and mechanical helpers you use.

Here are some of the "must" items, kitchen helpers you will find in our house:

(1) *Juicer* or *Juice Machine* - The name of the machine explains this helper's function. You use it to turn vegetables and fruits into juice. Back when I lived in the

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mountains I had to grate the foods by hand, then squeeze the grated food through a cheesecloth. An electric juicer is faster and easier. We use our juicer primarily for making juice from carrots, celery, apples, coconut meat, alfalfa, and other greens.

(2) *Liquifier* or *Blender* - This is different from the juicer in that we use it to break down solid into a pureed form. The juicer extracts all the solid as a pulp, but the liquifier grinds the solid into part of the mixture. This we use for my high-protein and other mixed drinks. (See recipes in Chapters 8 and 15.)

(3) *Grinder* - This is also called a food mill or a grain mill, and is used for grinding grains and nuts. The one I have is a little on the ancient side, and is turned by hand. It works on the same principle as the meat grinder you see in the butcher shops. But we, of course, never use it for grinding meats!

(4) *Grater* - This is a hand-grater, available at any supermarket, hardware store, or ten-cent store. It is a hand tool used most often for grating vegetables for salads and cooked dishes.

All these items are available in many shapes, sizes and at many prices. I know you can find models reasonably priced. And I know you will consider them as important in your kitchen as the stove and the pots and pans.

You don't need a special stove, by the way. Just so you have a broiler, an oven for baking, and the number of burners on top to accommodate the right number of pots and pans.

Final word about the kitchen: All pots and pans must be of stainless steel.

CHAPTER 23

STANDING ON MY HEAD

I am not known for my teaching yoga. I am better qualified to talk about food, and how to buy and prepare it. But I have studied with some of the best yoga teachers around, and I make it a part of my daily life, just as the right food is daily routine.

One of my early teachers was Max SIKINGER, who was one of the California nature boys. He had studied with the great Dr. St. Louis ESTES and taught some of his techniques to Dr. Anne Marie BENNSTROM, who now has a health resort not too far from Los Angeles. (It is in Escondido and called The Golden Door. It attracts a number of Hollywood's top personalities and although it is a little expensive, it is quite good.) It was before Max worked with Anne Marie that he taught me about the wonders of yoga.

What he taught me first were the secrets of scientific breathing probably the most important part of yoga technique.

First, he said, I had to adopt the proper attitude and get into the proper environment, where it is quiet and I could be sure I wouldn't be disturbed. The beach and the mountains are especially good, he said, and because that is where we lived in those days, we had no trouble finding the proper place. Even today I try to get outside for my breathing exercises. Usually I go to Griffith Park not far from my home. But the living room or bedroom can be equally good, so long as you can count on peace and quiet.

In such a place, I am ready to begin. I relax myself

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completely and then inhale and exhale 12 times through my mouth.

Breathe in . . . deep, deep . . . hold for a moment . . . then breathe out, fully.

Relax a moment, then breathe in again. Slowly . . . filling my lungs . . . hold . . . breathe out, slowly . . . emptying my lungs.

Relax a moment, then repeat. Twelve times.

Once I have done this, I begin again, this time inhaling and exhaling 12 times through my nostrils. The technique is the same. Breathe deeply and slowly, filling the lungs all the way. Hold for a moment, then breathe out again.

The advantages to deep breathing are many. Breathing is the most important thing we do. Without it we'd be dead. This is obvious. But it is important to remember that if we breathe properly, we will live longer. You can kill yourself by breathing improperly, too.

Breathing properly, then, is breathing deeply, because it takes more oxygen into our bodies—and it is oxygen that feeds all our glands, our organs, and our blood. In fact, doctors have found all the red cells in our body completely renew themselves about 12 times a year, which is just about once a month. And it is oxygen, not anything else, that helps create strong new red cells properly.

Deep breathing also affects the process of digestion, helping us absorb food faster and more completely.

And it helps relieve the tensions we feel.

(Another way to breathe deeply, by the way, is to go for walks through the hills. This physical exercise *makes* us breathe deeply.)

Back to Griffith Park, where I have been inhaling and exhaling so deeply . . .

After I finish my two counts of 12, I stand on my head. I get down on my knees, plant my hands firmly on the ground and the top of my head on the ground about 12 inches ahead of my hands, forming a triangle. Then I kick up slowly, straightening my legs. I hold this position for three minutes.

This may not be too easy for you at first. But the headstand is known as the king of all postures, and with a little practice you can master it (and feel like a king). In the beginning get someone to help you, by helping you lift your legs and holding them up. Or you can try it at first in a corner of a room at home, using the two walls for support. Or purchase something like Lou Nova's "Nova Yogi" a cushioned support that goes on the floor and fits your shoulders, lending considerable assistance in staying up once you get there.

It is best of course to perform the headstand without help. Either way it is good for you, but once you have mastered the headstand alone, you also have mastered an important part of proper body *balance*.

Balance is just one benefit you get from the headstand. More important is how it helps your circulation. All day long we walk around with our head held high and the heart must push the blood to our brain. The headstand helps equalize this. It also is very relaxing.

One warning, though: Do not attempt the headstand at all if your blood pressure is very low or very high, below 100 or above 150.

There are other benefits to the headstand, too. One thing I got from it was a part in a movie. I was in Griffith

Park and just had finished my deep breathing. I went into my customary headstand and was "standing" there, minding my own business, when up drove a movie producer.

So help me, it happened just that way!

His Cadillac screeched to a halt and he got out. He came over to me, and stood there looking in amazement.

"Aren't you Gypsy Boots?" he said, finally.

I told him I was, still on my head.

"My name is Reno Carrell and I guess this sounds pretty weird, but I'm producing a movie, and I would like you to be in it, are you interested?" His words came spilling out so fast, I forgot all about standing on my head and fell over laughing.

"You're kidding."

"No," he said, "I'm not. It's a picture called 'Swinging Summer.' Here . . . here's my card."

Well, I didn't know what to say to him. So I said the first thing I thought of: "How about sharing my lunch?"

We talked as we ate my raisins and nuts. I offered him a free lesson in deep breathing, free tennis lessons, and a sure-fire way to learn how to swing from a tree, one-handed. He laughed and told me to call him the next day.

And so I was in "Swinging Summer," a picture that was released nationally in the summer of 1965. It wasn't a big part I had, but it was a good one. If you get a chance to see the film, look for me in the nearest tree. That's where you'll find me "swinging."

Of course, I can't promise you will get a movie part by standing on your head. But you never know until you try, do you?

I have talked about "relaxing" while practicing yoga, while getting ready for my breathing. Naturally, this isn't the only time I relax. I try to stay relaxed, at least partially, all of the time.

Okay, Gypsy, you might ask, how in the heck do you go about relaxing?

Easy.

First, you must understand the three kinds of relaxation. There is physical relaxation—when the muscles aren't doing anything, as when we sleep or stretch out on the couch or under a tree for a rest. Just as important is mental relaxation, when we forget all our problems, when our mind is at rest, not thinking. And third, there is "yoga relaxation." In yoga, relaxation goes beyond the mental and physical. It goes into the spiritual world. Without getting too involved here—because I want to emphasize that I am not a teacher of yoga—I'll just talk about a combination of the first two types: the physical and the mental.

First you get into a comfortable position—in bed, on the floor, under a tree, seated in a chair, in a bathtub, anywhere—and wipe all your thoughts away.

Actually tell yourself to relax. Inhale deeply, then exhale. Feel your muscles go limp. Concentrate on the breathing and enjoy the ease you feel as you rest.

There! Already you are relaxing, physically. And you have forgotten your problems at least temporarily by thinking about breathing and relaxing your muscles.

Now think about nothing at all. Look at the sky or the green of trees or grass, or close your eyes (if you are inside) and picture such a scene. A clean blue sky, clean green trees and grass. Blue and green are cool colors,

relaxing colors. Think about trees and sky, then think about the colors.

See? Slowly you are relaxing, mentally. And soon you are relaxing, completely.

This is something you must do each day. It is best, naturally, not to become so tense, not to allow tension to build at all. But when it does, breathe deeply, stand on your head (one of the basic relaxation positions), and lie down and think about nothing.

I think this world would be better off if everyone thought about nothing more often, if everyone began to relax.

If you are interested in learning more about yoga, there are many fine books available. You don't have to study with the masters. The masters come to you in print. I especially recommend two good books by my friend Indra Devi, one of America's foremost authorities on yoga. The books are "Yoga for Americans" and "Renew Your Life Through Yoga."

CHAPTER 24

PARTING SHOTS, AIMED AT UNDERSTANDING

I've lived a full and happy life. I've done a little of everything.

I've lived the life of a lone wolf, sleeping in haystacks and fields, and I have lived the life of a family man, in a house in Los Angeles with a beautiful wife and three sons. I've been a fig-picker and a cleaner of chicken coops, and I've appeared on national television. I've been laughed at for wearing long hair and a beard, and I've played tennis with some of the biggest stars in the entertainment world. I've roamed the California hills with a friendly pack of wild nature boys, and I've toured the country with a hootenanny troupe. I have experienced times when I didn't know how I would provide food for my family, and I have operated a prosperous business of my own, while being a guest at the homes of movie stars.

I guess one of the highest points in my life came the day Lois and I opened our Hollywood Health Hut. This assured us a regular income and gave us the opportunity to share our healthy recipes. Always I have tried to share my thoughts, my recipes and health philosophy. The health hut gave me a great opportunity.

I feel I am fortunate today to be in a similar position. I don't have my own health hut now, but I do have an interest in a thriving industry. Forgive me if I sound immodest; it is called The Gypsy Boots Corporation.

Not too many months ago I met three of the nicest people I've ever known, three brothers named Ben, Sam and Dan Pelter. They are my partners in the corporation.

PARTING SHOTS, AIMED AT UNDERSTANDING

I am proud of this organization. Not because we expect to make a lot of money, but because we are doing what we want to do, and doing something we believe in. To some people it may seem we are just trying to sell product. This is not true. What we are "selling" is a way of life.

What am I "selling?"

Tee-shirts and sweat shirts, for one thing. You've seen a picture of one of these shirts in the book, the picture illustrating the hike up Mt. Hollywood.

Why am I selling things like this? Simple. I've often been asked if I had something like this, after appearing on television. But I also hope it will make me better-known. Please understand that I am not a publicity hound, that I am not looking for publicity for myself alone. I feel that if I can spread my name as far and wide as I can, more people will want to know who I am. And if people want to know who I am, maybe they'll try living as I do.

So now I have written a book to tell people how I've lived. I never will say that if you follow everything I say in this book, you will live forever. (Remember my conversation with Dorothy Stickney when I was a chauffeur?) I am just saying that if you try to live a little as I have, you will be healthier and happier.

Tee-shirts and sweat shirts, and a book. What else? Another product of my corporation is my energy bar—the Gypsy Boots Energy Bar.

This candy bar is my favorite of all my products because it carries my message directly to your stomach. Earlier in the book I said there were good desserts, and bad. The energy bar is a good dessert, or a good between-

meal snack. It isn't fattening and it contains only the best ingredients.

You will recognize all of what is in the bar from the chapters on vital foods: Malted milk crunch, vegetable oil, carob powder, brown sugar, skim milk, sunflower seeds, sesame seeds, and lecithin. Does all this sound like a commercial? I hope not.

Of course I want to sell my shirts, my energy bar, and whatever other product we make. But always I am selling much more than a product. I am selling a way of life.

As I say, it's been a happy and full life I've led. The book is now almost finished, but still I remember so many things, so many stories I didn't include.

I remember the time I learned Nature doesn't always heal everything.

I was running barefooted in Sonoma one day and stepped on a rusty nail. I pulled it out immediately and later soaked my foot in mud and hot mineral water. I was determined to let Nature take her course. Unfortunately, Nature nearly took my leg instead.

When I noticed my foot beginning to swell, I had my friend drive me in my Jungle Jeep to a doctor's office in Riverside, Calif. He gave me a tetanus shot, but I had waited too long. The next day I had travelled the length of the state again and my foot was in much worse shape. So I was admitted to a hospital in San Francisco.

Good medical treatment saved my leg and I learned the hard way the value of going to a doctor. And before I left the hospital I tried to repay the friends I made there. I was winging around the wards and hallways in my wheelchair, distributing fruit (where the doctors

permitted) and singing songs and visiting the sick. This was my way of giving thanks. And I've never hesitated going to a doctor since.

* * *

Then there was the time I let a friend convince me I should be a movie star.

This "friend" told me I was a great entertainer and if only I'd get a shave and a haircut, have a few pictures taken, then take them around to the right people, I'd be "in." I'd have it made. Soon I would be getting calls from producers and casting directors. I'd be one of the top actors in Hollywood.

I did as I was told. I shaved and had my hair cut short. I went to one of Hollywood's best photographers and had a number of pictures taken. I sent the composites to everyone I knew and hundreds I didn't know.

You know what happened. Nothing.

Again I learned something the hard way. I was disappointed, naturally, but I learned I had to be myself. (It was while being myself that I was on the Steve Allen and Johnny Carson shows, among others, and got a part in a movie.) Of course, that is enough, just to be yourself. But I didn't realize it then. Now I do. All any of us can do is be ourselves. That is the true accomplishment.

* * *

Someone once told me I gave too much away. At the time I was appearing every weekend at the Cafe de Paris, a Los Angeles restaurant on the Sunset Strip. I was dancing and singing without being paid, and I was told I shouldn't do this. I should be paid for my efforts.

"If you got a dime for every time you did a wild dance

or every time you started a song in public," I was told, "you'd be a millionaire today. Why don't you get smart? Don't give anything away, Gypsy. You can get paid, and you know it."

This time I didn't listen to bad advice. Sure, I was performing. And maybe the owner of the Cafe de Paris was getting something for nothing. But so was I.

I enjoy dancing and singing. I enjoy making people smile and laugh. This is what I really want. And I don't have to be paid for it.

* * *

Several times a year I go on trips, usually visiting friends in California. And just as when I was a free-wheeling bachelor, my habit is to sleep outside under the stars. Usually my wife and boys do the same.

In San Francisco we sleep in the yard behind my sister Adeline's house and in San Bruno it is Warren "Scoop" Wyncoop's backyard that serves as our "Back to Nature Motel." Scoop, who is a syndicated sports writer for the *San Bruno Herald*, has eight children of his own, and when his eight children mix with my three we not only have enough for a football team, we also have enough for a wild nature party.

In the Sonoma Valley we sleep in the prune orchard at Paul's Resort, or at Gallo's Ranch in Glen Ellen, where we harvest wild watercress from the man-made lake. In Bakersfield, closer to Los Angeles, we visit Dennis Chuchian and sleep in his backyard. I guess I am something of a fixture in the Chuchian yard. I have been sleeping there off and on for 30 years.

In Vacaville our nature motel is Louie's fig orchard, and in San Mateo, it is behind Fred Williams' Hillsdale

Inn.

Everywhere we go we have a place to stay where we can stay close to nature. This is the way I like to live and it is, I think, a way of life you might like to try. You don't have to go on a camping trip to sleep under the stars. You can do it at home in your own backyard, or when you visit your friends.

* * *

There are so many people I've admired in life, people who have lived healthily and happily. Not that they haven't had their share of problems. They have. We all have problems. But these people seem to overcome their problems, whatever they are. I think one of the reasons is they know how to take care of their bodies. It was a wise man who first said: "A healthy body means a healthy mind."

Some of those who have most influenced me through the years are Joe Weider, publisher of several health and weight-lifting magazines and a leader in body-building; Paul Bragg, another publisher, a lecturer, and a manufacturer and distributor of many excellent foods and organic products; Dr. St. Louis Estes and Indra Devi, two of the world's best teachers of Yoga; Sam Balter, an All-American basketball player in 1930, an Olympic athlete in 1936, and one of my toughest (and regular) tennis opponents in 1965; Professor Zekeley, who lives at Rancho la Puerta in Mexico, and Walt Baptiste, who lives in San Francisco, both expert body conditioners.

These are among those who have taught me much. There are many teachers in life, and not just those you find in schools. Some you are lucky enough to meet. Others you meet through books and maybe television.

Either way, learning should not stop just because we are out of school. Really, we never are "out of school." There is much to be learned throughout life, and many of the best teachers, I believe, are those who have something to say about health.

• • •

Not too long ago *Esquire* magazine printed an article titled "The Affluent Poor." It was about how "in Southern California, the very poor are different from you and me—they live better." I was one of the southern Californians *Esquire* wrote about. Accompanying the article was a full-page color photograph of me, eating an apple as I sat outside the state unemployment office.

First, I deny that I am "very poor." I may not have much money, but I think I am rich, rich in all the good things. And although the picture was taken outside the unemployment office, I don't go there to collect weekly checks when I am "unemployed." Usually I can find a way to make a few dollars. Aside from this, *Esquire* was very good to me. The article writer seemed to be sneering a little when he wrote about me, but that didn't really bother me.

This is what he said: "A curious sort of apostle of poverty is Gypsy Boots, a Hollywood character in sandals and beard, who, according to his own account, spends his mornings in Griffith Park, 'swinging through the trees,' his middays running in the Hollywood hills, and his afternoons on the beach 'charging my magnetism by going barefoot.' Between times he delivers organically grown fruit and does 'shows' and comes home, he says, 'with enough nickels and pennies to feed the kids.' Gypsy Boots calls himself a 'walking symbol of freedom,' and

says, 'I meet a millionaire and show him how to be happy, and he gives me a couple of bucks.'

"Gypsy is a symbol, indeed. What better symbol could you find of the confusing way that idleness and leisure and unemployment run together in southern California than a penniless, suntanned, beach-lover who distributes a mimeographed *curriculum vitae* listing his stage, screen, and television credits and management?"

I denied that I was "very poor." I also deny that I am an "apostle of poverty."

What I thank *Esquire* for is the opportunity to express my views, however edited they were. I also thank the magazine for showing people how easy it is to live on relatively little, and happily. It doesn't take a lot of money to be happy. In fact, I think the happiest people I've met in my years are those who didn't have much. They seemed to be freer about things.

In a sense I *am* poor. I haven't much in the bank, my station wagon sometimes gives me trouble and my wife's car is almost 20 years old, and my house is not an estate. But as *Esquire* put it so accurately, I am among the "affluent poor." I am not rich in money and material things, but I am rich in life.

• • •

Many people when they first meet me think I am no more than a nut, one of "those Hollywood kooks," one of those strange people who inhabit southern California. Because some people think this is all I am (I hope you know better than this by now), I am asked all the usual questions asked of this "type". I have my own answers for this kind of question.

Q. You look like you're from Mars, from outer space.

PARTING SHOTS, AIMED AT UNDERSTANDING

Twenty years later he did write such a song. It was when I was appearing on "The Steve Allen Show." Zeke happened to see me on the show and he called me to get together. I told him of an idea for a funny nature song. Eight hours later this is what we had on paper:

Learn to be a drinker, a drinker, a drinker
And your muscles won't get loose.
Just (a) drink (a) your papaya juice.
Mangoes on your menu,
Bananas will send you.
Just eat anything that's green,
And all night long you'll dream.
You'll be eating nuts and grapes,
Be the king of the Tarzan apes.
You'll be swinging on a limb,
Lose that fat and get real thin.
In a tree you'll have a hut,
In each fig you'll find a nut.
If people think that you look weird,
Be like me and grow a beard.
Learn to be a thinker, a thinker.
Think of living in a tree,
Then you'll end up . . . you'll end up . . .
you'll end up . . .
Looking like me.

The song is titled "You'll End Up Looking Like Me." Zeke Manners is one of my friends, one of many I have met who enjoyed life and enjoyed, above maybe all else, good music. This may not be one of his best songs—because I helped write the lyrics, if for no other reason—but it does express our feeling for life. And even if you don't "end up looking like me," you'll still be the "king of the Tarzan apes."

A corny way of putting it, perhaps, but I think you know what I mean.

• • •

What I mean is I think I have had a good life, and I know *you* can live just as well.

I bet you believe in men from Mars, don't you?

A. I don't know whether there are men on Mars or not, but I think God created life in other places. I think it's selfish and stupid to think our planet is the only one with life.

Q. Do you believe in extra-sensory perception (ESP)?

A. Yes, I sure do. Love is a kind of ESP. How else can you explain it? Can you explain love any better? I can't.

Q. Do you believe in reincarnation?

A. Yes. Every morning I wake up I've been born again. Every day is a new life for me, and it gives me cause to give thanks.

Of course there are thousands of questions I don't have answers for. And I never know how people will take any of the answers I do have. I only know what I have lived and what I think. But so long as people ask questions of me, I'm going to try to answer them. If I can. Most questions we have to answer ourselves.

• • •

About 20 years ago, on one of my trips into "civilization" while living in Taquitz Canyon near Palm Springs, I met a lovely woman named Mrs. Manners. I gave her some fruit and figs and she invited me into her home. I noticed a picture on the wall of her house, a photograph, she told me, of her son.

Her son was Zeke Manners, who for many years had his own radio show and who has written many beautiful songs like "Don't Do It Darling," "The Pennsylvania Polka" and "The Beverly Hillbillies" record album.

I met Zeke Manners soon after that and I said, "Who knows, maybe someday you might write a song about me."

Twenty years later he did write such a song. It was when I was appearing on "The Steve Allen Show." Zeke happened to see me on the show and he called me to get together. I told him of an idea for a funny nature song. Eight hours later this is what we had on paper:

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In a tree you'll have a hut,
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If people think that you look weird,
Be like me and grow a beard.
Learn to be a thinker, a thinker.
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• • •

What I mean is I think I have had a good life, and I know *you* can live just as well.

BARE FEET AND GOOD THINGS TO EAT

I don't think I have been lucky in life. Whatever fame, or notoriety, I've achieved has come my way quite naturally. And I have worked to get what I have in life. I have had great freedom, but I have always lived by rules. They may not seem like rules to some, but they are rules nonetheless.

I take care of my body as best I can, and I don't worry about things. If I ignored my health and I worried, I wouldn't have stayed as "young" as am, I wouldn't be as happy today.

That's all I ask of you. Watch what you eat. Exercise. Relax. Take care of yourself. And be able to laugh. Laugh at life and enjoy it, remembering always to be tolerant of your fellow man, regardless of his beliefs or ideas.

Your Personal Invitation To:

GYPSY BOOTS


ANNUAL 85th BIRTHDAY PARTY



Gypsy Boots Goes Bananas with "wide end" receiver Doug Richardson, owner of Seaside Bananas



GOOD LUCK & GOOD HEALTH TO ALL



Gypsy Boots Goes Bananas with "wide end" receiver Doug Richardson, owner of Seaside Bananas

GOOD LUCK & GOOD HEALTH TO ALL

Gypsy Boots invites you and a guest to my 85th annual Fun Health Birthday Party. Saturday, August 12th from 11am to 3:30pm at Doug Richardson's World Famous Seaside Banana Gardens. Take 101 south—between Ventura & Carpinteria at La Conchita. Get off on right—then please drive a few blocks north (slowly please) and park on the left, just before the entrance to the Banana Gardens.

GREAT REFRESHMENTS DONATED BY:

- Health Valley Products
- Garden Fresh (On East Main Street in Ventura) Burrito Samples
- Garden of Eatin' Chips
- Nuts by Somis Nut House
- Samples of Sonoma Jack Cheese from Sonoma Valley
- Lasagna By Maurice Beaudet of Greens at the Beach (247 Avenida Del Norte, Redondo Beach)
- Samples of KYOLIC (Odorless Garlic)
- Naked Juices (Served by the Nature Girls)
- Tasty Wheat Grass Pasta by Pines Company
- Tasty Corn & Melons From Tapia Brothers Corn Stand
- Unique Birthday Cake "For a Brand New Start!" From Follow Your Heart (Santa Barbara & Canoga Park)

ENTERTAINMENT: SURPRISE Guest Artist!

Please no smoking or drinking at my party
—just positive thinking! Thanks.

Seaside Bananas feature organic bananas, tropical fruits and all kinds of organic fruits and nuts plus my famous, tasty Boots Bars & Dates.

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10am to 12:30pm—Same Food & Fun!
Go straight up Vermont north, just before the Greek Theater, a few blocks on the left side. First picnic tables—Nature Girls to serve you. Featuring: Joy Band Reggae Party with Eddie Dread and Dexter & His Famous Jazzy Wheat Grass Band

Thanks a million, Tony (Who donates his limousine service all day!)